HONK!

DON MARTIN
An Interview With MAD's Maddest Artist

The Weird World of
MARK MAREK

No. 1 □ $2.75 ($3.75/Canada)
Recommended for mature readers

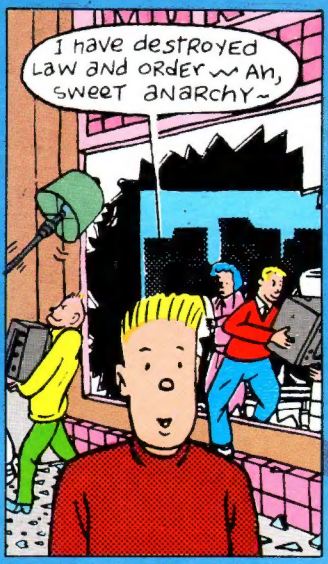
DANIEL CLOWES
"The Squirt"

BOB BOZE BELL
"Comic Strips for the '90s"

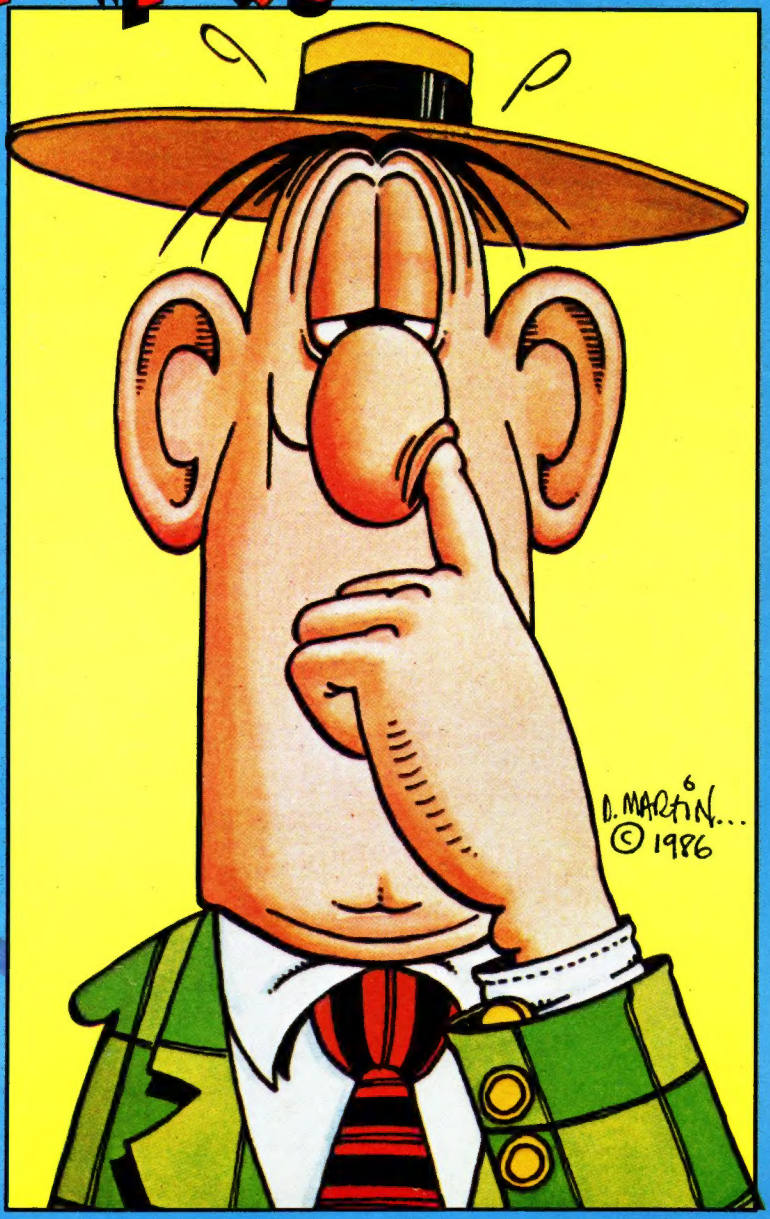
CHESTER BROWN
"Gourmets from Planet X"

J.R. WILLIAMS
"Growing Up Weird"

MARC HEMPEL
"1947"



PHIL ELLIOTT and EDDIE CAMPBELL
"Rodney: The Autobiography Of The Man Who Will Blow Up The World!"



COMICS

CARTOON MAN
Marc Hempel — 1

THE GOURMETS FROM PLANET X
Chester Brown — 6

COMIC STRIPS FOR THE '90s
Bob Boze Bell — 8

GRAPE JAM
Gary Whitney — 10

TEMPTATION
Glenn Dakin — 14

LAFFIN' YUPS
J.R. Williams — 15

GROWING UP WEIRD
J.R. Williams — 17

A TALE FROM GIMBLEY
Phil Elliott — 19

LOOK OUT! IT'S THE SQUIRT!
Mort Todd and Daniel Clowes — 20

TRUE HUMOR
Eddie Campbell — 34

THE GRAPHIC GENIUS OF M.C. ESCHER
David Miller — 39

RODNEY: THE PREMONITION II
Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell — 41

1947
Marc Hempel — 46

MY MOTHER'S AN ALCOHOLIC
Brian James Riedel — 48

FEATURES

THE MAD WORLD OF DON MARTIN
MAD's Maddest Artist talks to Mark Waid — 24

MARK MAREK
Cyndi Lauper, The Rolling Stones, *National Lampoon*, Hercules. . .who is this guy? — 36

REVIEWS
The *HONK!* staff dissects an odd assortment of supposed humor books. — 40

WHO'S WHO — 47

Cover colors by **Mr. Mace**; separations by **Mr. Nelson**

Cartoon Man and *1947* © 1986 Marc Hempel; *The Gourmets From Planet X* © 1986 Chester Brown; *Comic Strips for the '90s* © 1986 Bob Boze Bell; *Grape Jam* © 1986 Gary Whitney; *Temptation* © 1986 Glenn Dakin; *Laffin' Yups* and *Growing Up Weird* © 1986 J.R. Williams; *A Tale From Gimbley* © 1986 Phil Elliott; *Look Out! It's the Squirt!* © 1986 Mort Todd and Daniel Clowes; *True Humor* © 1986 Eddie Campbell; *The Graphic Genius of M.C. Escher* © 1986 David Miller; *Rodney: The Premonition II* © 1986 Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell; *My Mother Is an Alcoholic* © 1986 Brian James Riedel. Cover illustrations: Man With Finger Up Nose © 1986 Don Martin; Rodney © 1986 Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell.

STAFF

EDITOR
Tom Mason

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Kim Thompson
Mark Waid

DESIGN
See EDITOR

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Dave Nelson

LOGO DESIGN
Gary Fields

PROMOTION
Andrew Christie

CIRCULATION
Julie Strnad

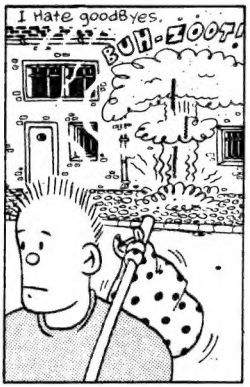
TYPESETTING
Inez M. Selleck
Arlene Easter

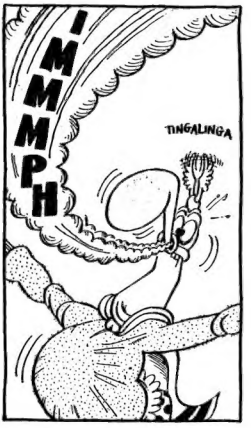
COLOR SEPARATIONS
Impact Productions

PRINTED AT
Port Publications

SPECIAL THANKS
Pat Gowan

HONK! #1, November, 1986. *HONK!* is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, Inc. and is copyright © 1986 Fantagraphics Books, Inc. All characters, stories, and art © 1986 their respective creators. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books. No similarity between the any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in *HONK!* and those of any living or dead persons is intended, except for satirical purposes, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Letters to *HONK!* become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: July, 1986. Available directly from the publisher for $2.75 + 50¢ postage and handling: Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Rd., Agoura, CA 91301. *HONK!* soit qui mal y pense.

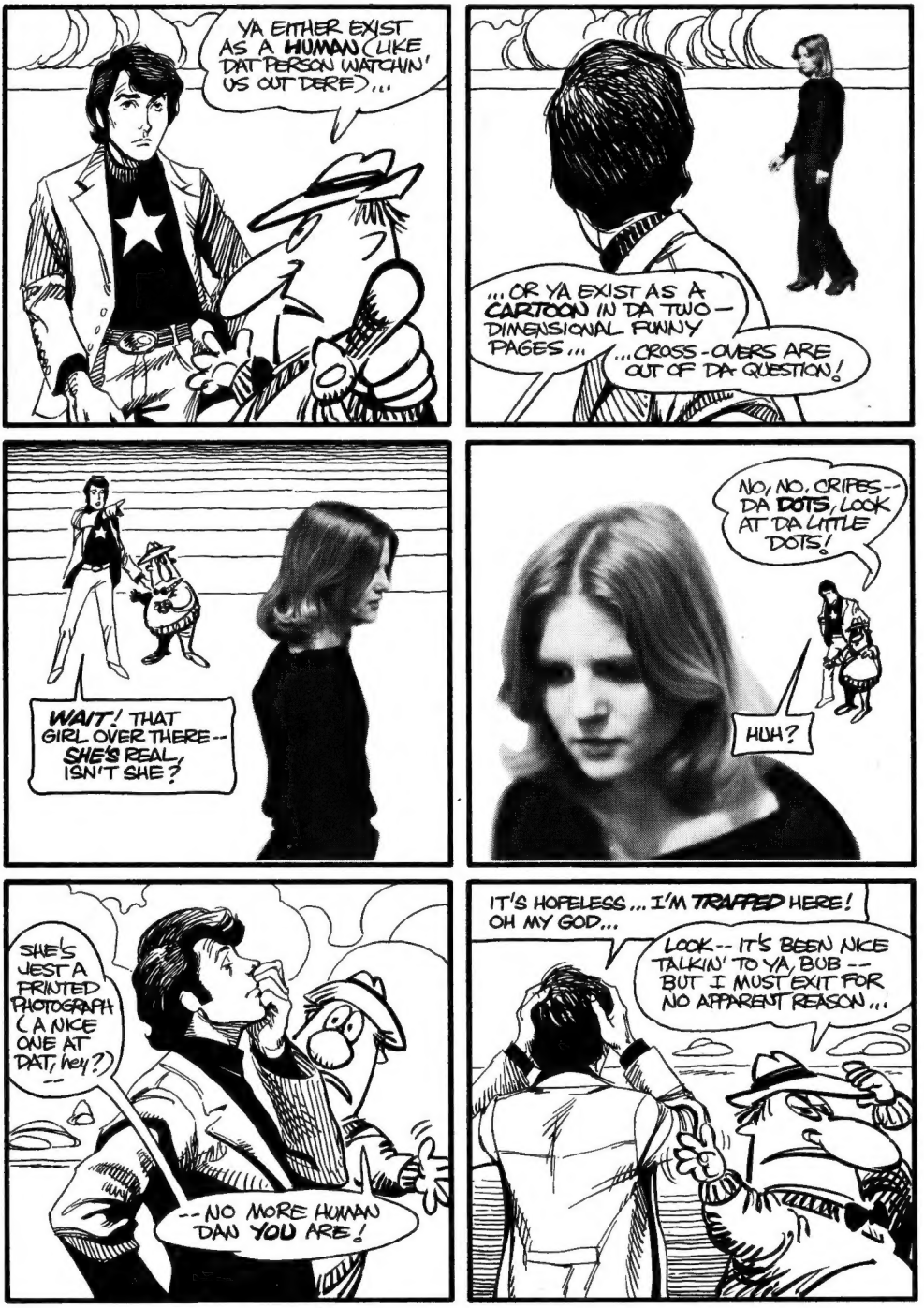


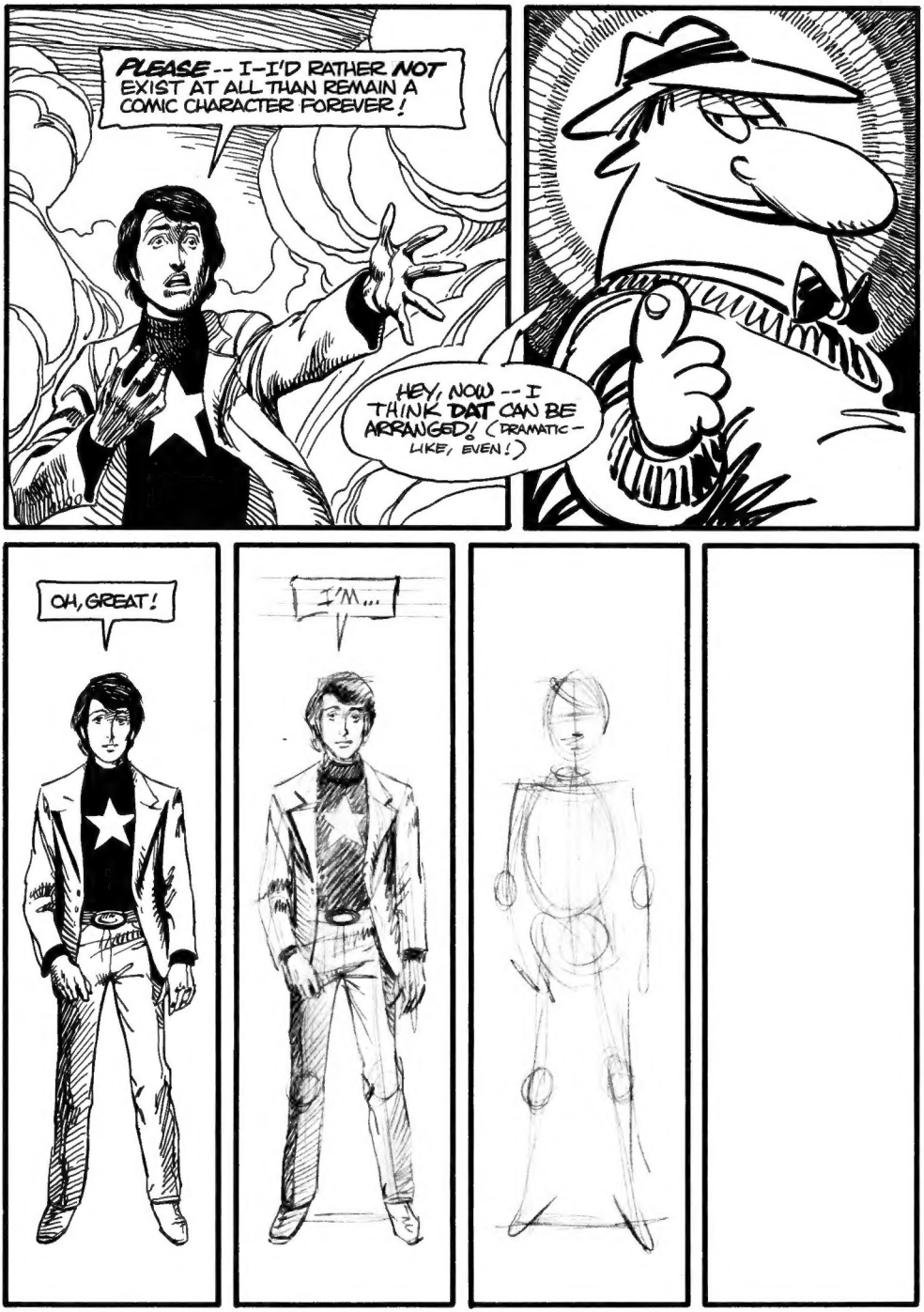


copyright © 1986 Marc Hempel

WHAT? BUT--!
BUT NUTTIN'!
YER 2-D, YER HEIGHT VARIES WITHIN DA SPACE OF A FEW INCHES...
...YER WOIDS IS WRITTEN IN BALLOONS...
LOOK AT YERSELF! LOOK AT YER HANDS FER CRISAKE!
INK LINES, REPRODUCED PEN SCRATCHES, DATS ALL YA ARE.
BUT NO-- I MEAN...I CAN'T BE!
I MEAN... I'M THINKING, AREN'T I? CARTOONS DON'T THINK.
HELL NO... COURSE NOT! OUR THOUGHTS ARE DA ARTIST'S THOUGHTS...
BUT--
...IT'S HIS WILL DAT YOU ARE IGNORANT AND I'M INTELLIJINT.
--BUT--

HEY, I KNOW HOW YA FEEL-- YER SUPPOSED TA THINK YER HUMAN! WE ALL ARE (WITH RARE EXCEPTIONS, LIKE ME, WHO ARE ENLIGHTENED BEYOND DA NORM, hey?)
WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BE A CARTOON CHARACTER! HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE?
WHADYA MEAN? YA ARE WHAT YA ARE, NUTTIN'S GONNA CHANGE DAT -- SORRY, BUB!
I WANT TO BE HUMAN! A REAL MAN!! PLEASE -- THERE HAS TO BE A WAY!!!
NOPE, YER JEST AN ILLUSION OF REALITY -- INK LINES REPRESENTING A MAN. DAT'S DA WAY IT'S GOTTA STAY!
YER STUCK IN DIS UNIVERSE OF PROGRESSIVE PANELS WHETHER YA LIKE IT OR NOT! (WHAT'S WIT DESE SCREWY BACKGROUNDS?)


YA EITHER EXIST AS A HUMAN (LIKE DAT PERSON WATCHIN' US OUT DERE)...
...OR YA EXIST AS A CARTOON IN DA TWO-DIMENSIONAL FUNNY PAGES...
...CROSS-OVERS ARE OUT OF DA QUESTION!
WAIT! THAT GIRL OVER THERE-- SHE'S REAL, ISN'T SHE?
NO, NO. CRIPES-- DA DOTS, LOOK AT DA LITTLE DOTS!
HUH?
SHE'S JEST A PRINTED PHOTOGRAPH (A NICE ONE AT DAT, hey?) --
--NO MORE HUMAN DAN YOU ARE!
IT'S HOPELESS... I'M TRAPPED HERE! OH MY GOD...
LOOK-- IT'S BEEN NICE TALKIN' TO YA, BUB -- BUT I MUST EXIT FOR NO APPARENT REASON...


PLEASE -- I-I'D RATHER NOT EXIST AT ALL THAN REMAIN A COMIC CHARACTER FOREVER!
HEY, NOW -- I THINK DAT CAN BE ARRANGED! (DRAMATIC-LIKE, EVEN!)
OH, GREAT!
I'M...

THE GOURMETS FROM PLANET X
DAMN! IS THAT ALL?
DAMN!
© 1986 CHESTER BROWN
PLANET X
WAH!! I'M HUNGRY!
WELL, LET'S GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT!
YEAH!
WHERE'LL WE GO?
LET'S GO TO EARTH!
THEY SAY THE INHABITANTS OF THAT PLANET CARRY A DELICIOUS NUTRIMENT IN THEIR NASAL PASSAGES.
WHAT-- YOU MEAN LIKE SNOT?!
OH DON'T BE AN IGNORANT PIG!
MAMA! YOU PUT TOO MUCH SUGAR IN MY OATMEAL AGAIN!
SHUT UP!!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR NOSE?!
BUT MAMA--
THE SUN
NAKED GIRLS MURDERED

EH!? IT WAS THERE LAST NIGHT!
MAMA! I DON'T LIKE THIS MUCH SUGAR!
WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP THE DEVIL CAME TO ME AND SAID HE'D GET ME OUT OF MY MONEY PROBLEMS IF I SOLD HIM MY SOUL.
THE SUN
WHAT--AND HE TOOK YOUR NOSE TOO?!
NO, I BARGAINED HIM DOWN TO JUST TAKIN' THE NOSE.
THE SUN
KA-BOOM
OOPS! WE LANDED ON ONE OF THE PLANET'S INHABITANTS.
DID WE DAMAGE ITS NASAL PASSAGES?
I'M AFRAID SO.
WELL--THERE MUST BE OTHERS.
MOVE THE CAMERA AROUND!
YES, THERE'S ONE!
BUT-- BUT LOOK!!
IT'S GOT NO NOSE!!
DARN! ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING.
I MUST'VE HEARD WRONG.
RROAR
DAD! DAD! WE'RE ON FIRE! HELP!
...AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK?
DAD! DAD!
GWOB 86

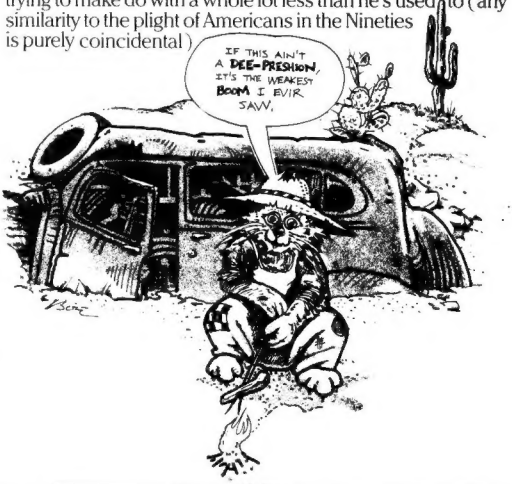
Comic Strips for the '90s

By Bob Boze Bell

I don't know about you, but I'm already fed up with the Eighties (they're too much like the Seventies, the Sixties and the Fifties). Yes, I'm leapfrogging right into the the 1990s. Here we go. . .

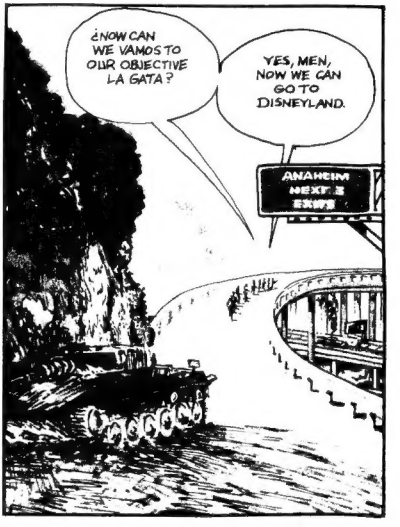
Jumpin' String Bean Murfy

A well-to-do cat from "The City" is cat-napped by terrorists and ends up in a rusted-out car body on the Sonoran desert trying to make do with a whole lot less than he's used to (any similarity to the plight of Americans in the Nineties is purely coincidental).



La Gata

From out of the hills of Central America comes a fighting woman *so* tough, *so* crafty, *so* intelligent *so* courageous and *sooo* stacked that I'm positive Hollywood will buy this one before the ink is even dry.



MX Alley

Join the zany adventure of Nukie, who lives in-between two MX missile silos during a showdown by the superpowers. Explosive humor, day after day after day.

Rudy "The Shoe"

A cute little clown goes looking for his shoes and can't seem to ever find them.

The Circle Jerks

Two abstract Moderns insult each other constantly.

Little Wormo

A real wormboy kind of guy gets married and has a real wormboy kind of kid, much to the delight of his basket-case wife.

Little Orphan Aides

A blank-eyed girl with blank immunity tries to cope in the Nineties.

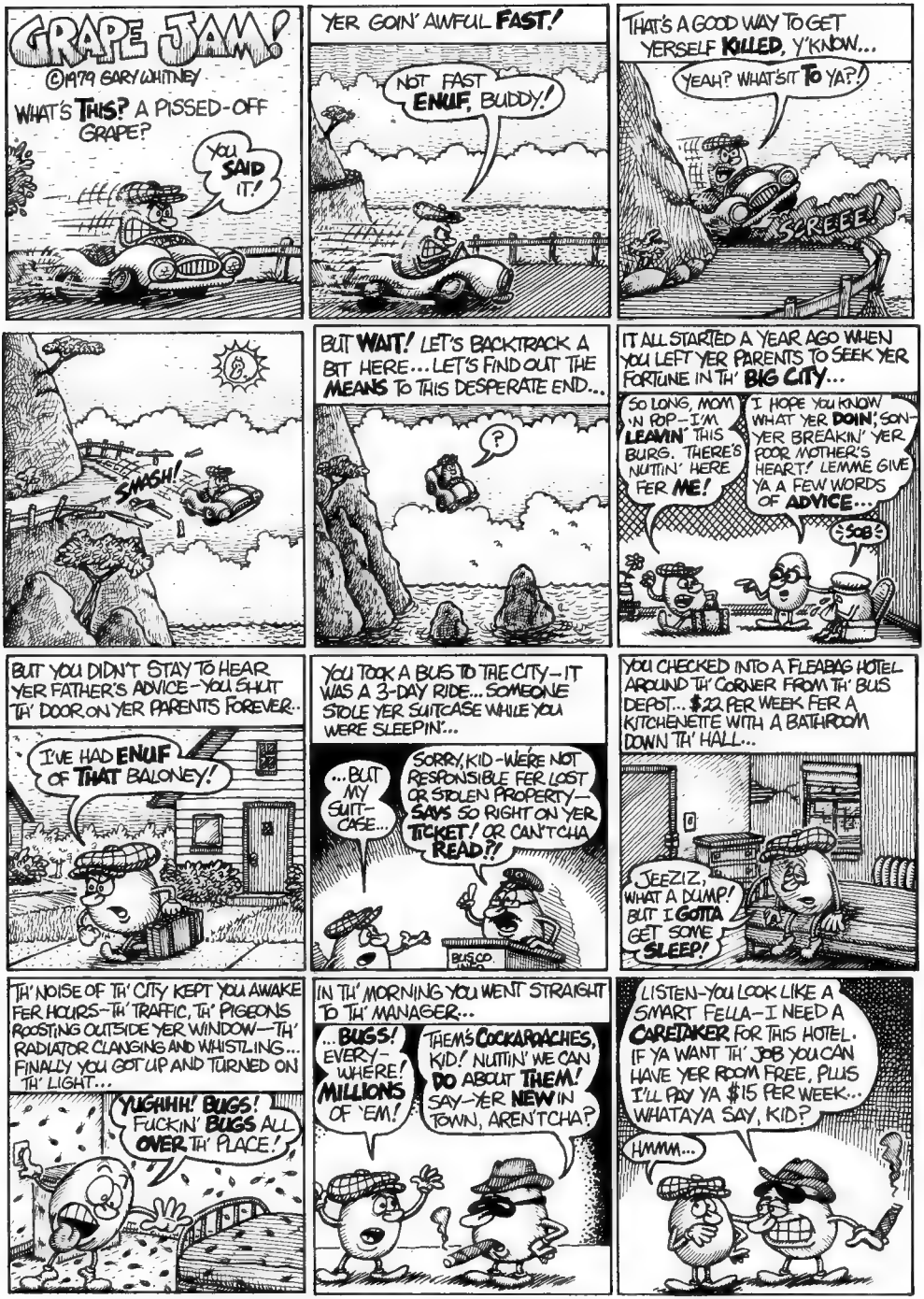
AIDS
HEY MISTER, CAN I GET A RIDE TO THE AIDS CLINIC?
KEEP AWAY!! DON'T TOUCH THE CAR!! DON'T EVEN BREATH ON IT!! ARRRRGH!!
"HATH NOT THE POTTER POWER OVER THE CLAY, OF THE SAME LUMP TO MAKE ONE VESSEL UNTO HONOR, AND ANOTHER UNTO DISHONOR?"
THE NEW TESTAMENT

GEE SANDY, SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GONNA CALL IT THE GAY NINETIES THIS TIME AROUND
COMING NEXT: "SANDY, WAIT! COME BACK! HERE SANDY....
9-23-93

Rockabilly Willy

Long, long ago there was the Fifties, and since there will be hardly anyone left in the nineties who was actually there, we can load up with tons of fantasy about how great the music and the times were in this rock'em-sock'em strip that tells it like it was (on TV).

Rockabilly Willy
He thought being in a band was gonna be fun. Ha! Aha! What a big JOKE!"
JUS' GIMME AN OPEN ROAD AND AN OPEN CHORD, AND AHM GONE DADDY.

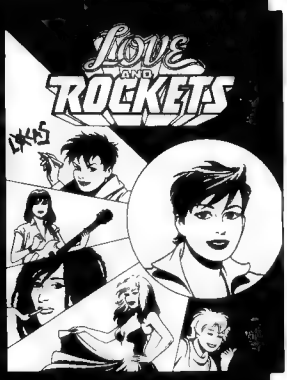

GRAPE JAM!
©1979 GARY WHITNEY
WHAT'S THIS? A PISSED-OFF GRAPE?
YOU SAID IT!
YER GOIN' AWFUL FAST!
NOT FAST ENUF, BUDDY!
THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO GET YERSELF KILLED, Y'KNOW...
YEAH? WHAT'S IT TO YA?!
SCREEE!
SMASH!
BUT WAIT! LET'S BACKTRACK A BIT HERE... LET'S FIND OUT THE MEANS TO THIS DESPERATE END...
?
IT ALL STARTED A YEAR AGO WHEN YOU LEFT YER PARENTS TO SEEK YER FORTUNE IN TH' BIG CITY...
SO LONG, MOM 'N POP—I'M LEAVIN' THIS BURG. THERE'S NUTTIN' HERE FER ME!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YER DOIN'; SON—YER BREAKIN' YER POOR MOTHER'S HEART! LEMME GIVE YA A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE...
SOB
BUT YOU DIDN'T STAY TO HEAR YER FATHER'S ADVICE—YOU SHUT TH' DOOR ON YER PARENTS FOREVER...
I'VE HAD ENUF OF THAT BALONEY!
YOU TOOK A BUS TO THE CITY—IT WAS A 3-DAY RIDE... SOMEONE STOLE YER SUITCASE WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPIN'...
...BUT MY SUITCASE...
SORRY, KID—WE'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE FER LOST OR STOLEN PROPERTY—SAYS SO RIGHT ON YER TICKET! OR CAN'T CHA READ?!
BUS CO.
YOU CHECKED INTO A FLEABAG HOTEL AROUND TH' CORNER FROM TH' BUS DEPOT... $22 PER WEEK FER A KITCHENETTE WITH A BATHROOM DOWN TH' HALL...
JEEZIZ, WHAT A DUMP! BUT I GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP!
TH' NOISE OF TH' CITY KEPT YOU AWAKE FER HOURS—TH' TRAFFIC, TH' PIGEONS ROOSTING OUTSIDE YER WINDOW—TH' RADIATOR CLANGING AND WHISTLING... FINALLY YOU GOT UP AND TURNED ON TH' LIGHT...
YUGHHH! BUGS! FUCKIN' BUGS ALL OVER TH' PLACE!
IN TH' MORNING YOU WENT STRAIGHT TO TH' MANAGER...
...BUGS! EVERY-WHERE! MILLIONS OF 'EM!
THEM'S COCKAROACHES, KID! NUTTIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT THEM! SAY—YER NEW IN TOWN, AREN'TCHA?
LISTEN—YOU LOOK LIKE A SMART FELLA—I NEED A CARETAKER FOR THIS HOTEL. IF YA WANT TH' JOB YOU CAN HAVE YER ROOM FREE, PLUS I'LL PAY YA $15 PER WEEK... WHATAYA SAY, KID?
HMMM...

SO YOU TOOK TH' JOB, AND SOON MADE A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT ON THAT LITTLE SPORTS CAR YOU ALWAYS WANTED...
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS YOU FELL HEAD OVER HEELS FER A STREETWALKER NAMED LAYLA...
LIKE T'GO FER A RIDE IN MY NEW CAR?
$
YOU ASKED HER TO MARRY YOU, AND SHE DID — SHE WANTED KIDS, BUT THERE WAS A SLIGHT PROBLEM...
I'M SEEDLESS...
?
SHE LEFT YOU IN A HURRY, AND THEN YER BOSS CAUGHT YOU LOAFING ON TH' JOB ONCE TOO OFTEN...
YER FIRED!
YIPE!
SUDDENLY, YER CAR PAYMENTS WERE OVERDUE...
"...PAY WITHIN 2 DAYS OR WE'LL BREAK BOTH YER ARMS..."
YOU THOUGHT OF ASKING YER PARENTS FER SOME CASH, BUT YOU WERE TOO PROUD TO ADMIT TO THEM THE OBVIOUS TRUTH...
...THAT YOU WERE A FAILURE!
AND YOU DECIDED TO CHUCK IT ALL, RIGHT?
RIGHT!
ARE THERE ANY LAST WORDS THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE RECORDED FOR POSTERITY'S SAKE?
YES... I JUST WANT TO SAY...
FUCK YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE!!
CRASH!
R.I.P.
Whitney

IF YOU'VE ENJOYED READING THIS MAGAZINE . . .

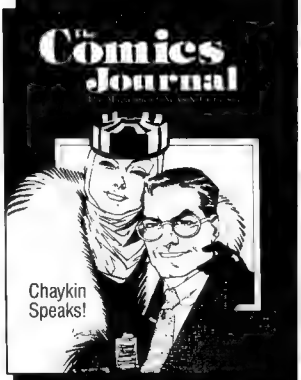
COMICS MAGAZINES

NEAT STUFF: From the demented mind of *Weirdo* editor PETER BAGGE comes this quarterly solo magazine—all-Bagge and all-hilarious strips starring Girly-Girl, Chuckle Boy, Junior, the Bradleys, Studs Kirby, and more! *($5.50 for three issues)*

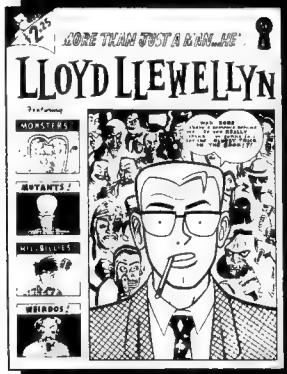


LOVE AND ROCKETS: No doubt: *the* indispensible comic of the '80s! GILBERT and JAIME HERNANDEZ's bi-monthly title features the continuing series "Locas Tambien," "Mechanics," "Heartbreak Soup," and much more! *($9.95 for six issues)*

ABOUT COMICS



THE COMICS JOURNAL: A hard-hitting magazine of news and opinion, invaluable for anyone who takes comic books and comic strips seriously. One hundred pages of news, reviews, features, and interviews—every month! *($14.95 for nine issues)*



LLOYD LLEWELLYN: The coolest of the hip, DANIEL CLOWES's retro-new wave detective confronts hillbillies, hotrodders from Mars, giant robots, mad scientists, and dangerous dames in this deadly serious spoof! *($9.95 for six issues)*

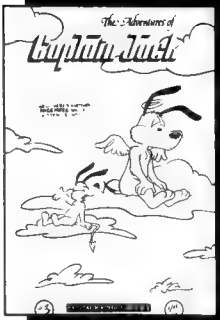
THREAT: Four continuing series—"The Holo. Bros," "Bob Mercenary," "Zone," and "Enigma Funnies"—from five wildly talented new cartoonists! Violent, antisocial, diverting, unique, funny as hell—and monthly, to boot! *($9.95 for six issues)*

AMAZING HEROES: The TV *Guide* of comics: a comic book sized magazine that previews upcoming comics (often with exclusive artwork and interviews), looks back at classic series, reviews current comics, answers readers' questions, and more! 84 pages every other week! *($24.00 for 12 issues)*

NEAT STUFF © 1985 Peter Bagge; LOVE AND ROCKETS © 1985 Jaime Hernandez; COMICS JOURNAL "Time" cover © 1986 First Comics, Inc. & Howard Chaykin, Inc.
LLOYD LLEWELLYN © 1986 Daniel Clowes; THREAT © 1986 Jim Rohn; AMAZING HEROES "Watchmen" cover © 1986 DC Comics Inc.

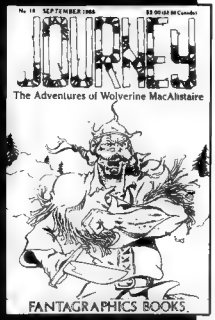
. . . FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS offers a whole line of fine comic books and comic magazines for your entertainment. Subscribe today for a regular dose of the very best the field has to offer!

BLACK-AND-WHITE COMICS



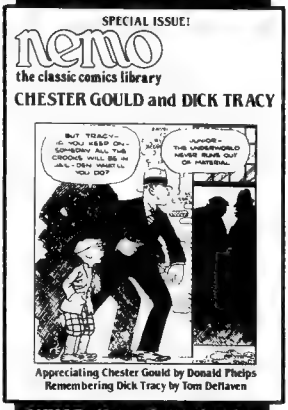
ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JACK: Animator MIKE KAZALEH is the man behind this devilishly funny apece-opera series, starring Capt. Jack and his crew. *($9.00 for six issues)*

CRITTERS: A funny-animal anthology featuring work by STEVE GALLACCI, FREDDY MILTON, STAN SAKAI, TOM STAZER, and more! Action and humor! *($9.00 for six issues)*



JOURNEY: BILL MESSNER-LOEBS's epic saga of 1812 frontiersman Joshua MacAlistaire, now in its fourth year! Gritty, funny, and fantastic at the same time! *($9.00 for six issues)*

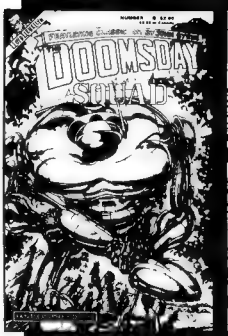
CLASSICS


SPECIAL ISSUE!
nemo
the classic comics library
CHESTER GOULD and DICK TRACY
Appreciating Chester Gould by Donald Phelps
Remembering Dick Tracy by Tom Deffaven

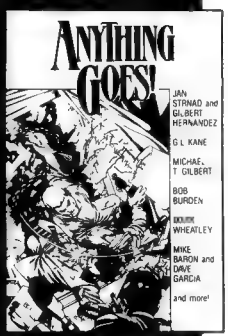
NEMO: If you love classic comic strips, you'll want this magazine, which reprints the finest of the field. *($19.00 for 6 issues)*

CAPTAIN JACK © 1986 Mike Kazaleh; CRITTERS © 1986 Stan Sakai; JOURNEY © 1986 William Messner-Loebs; DICK TRACY © 1986 The Tribune Syndicate

FULL-COLOR COMICS



THE DOOMSDAY SQUAD: JOHN BYRNE's first major professional series, re-colored for this deluxe printing. All seven issues, with some special bonus attractions in the back! *($11.50 for all seven issues)*



ANYTHING GOES!: Featuring new stories and art by ALAN MOORE, FRANK MILLER, BILL SIENKIEWICZ, JAIME HERNANDEZ, JACK KIRBY, MIKE BARON . . . and that's only the beginning! *($8.00 for all five issues)*

DOOMSDAY +1 cover © 1986 John Byrne; ANYTHING GOES! "Savage" cover © 1986 Gil Kane

COUPON

Please send me the following:

☐ **A 6-issue subscription to Adventures of Captain Jack; I have enclosed $9.00 (outside U.S. and Canada: $12.50).**

☐ **A 12-issue subscription to Amazing Heroes (includes the twice-a-year AH Preview Special—148 pages of previews!); I have enclosed $24.00 (outside U.S. and Canada: $30.00).**

☐ **A 5-issue subscription to Anything Goes!; I have enclosed $9.00 (outside U.S. and Canada: $12.50).**

☐ **A 6-issue subscription to Critters; I have enclosed $9.00 (outside U.S. and Canada: $12.50).**

☐ **A 7-issue subscription to Doomsday Squad; I have enclosed $12.00 (outside U.S. and Canada: $16.50).**

☐ **A 6-issue subscription to LLoyd Llewellyn; I have enclosed $9.95 (outside U.S. and Canada: $13.50).**

☐ **A 6-issue subscription to Love and Rockets; I have enclosed $9.95 (outside U.S. and Canada: $13.50).**

☐ **A 6-issue subscription to NEMO; I have enclosed $19.00 (outside U.S. and Canada: $25.00).**

☐ **A 6-issue subscription to Love and Rockets; I have enclosed $9.95 (outside U.S. and Canada: $13.50).**

☐ **A 6-issue subscription to Threat; I have enclosed $9.95 (outside U.S. and Canada: $13.50).**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE ____ ZIP _____

Send to:
Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301

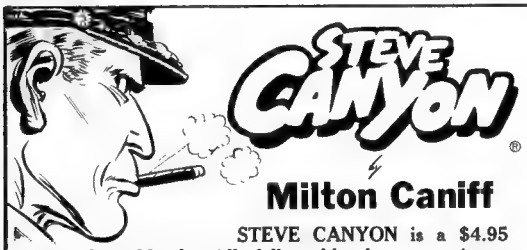
TEMPTATION
by GLENN DAKIN
So you got stuck here in the flood, did you?
yes
Well... if you give me your soul, I will provide for you a rowing boat.
Just a rowing boat?
Just a rowing boat.
Yesterday you offered me a kingdom - today all you offer is a rowing boat.
ah yes
Isn't it wonderful how circumstances change values!
incredible
Anyway - its academic now, a canoe has drifted my way by chance
ROARRR
A paddle, eh?

LAFFIN' YUPS
©'85 by J.WILLIAMS
--EDDIE!!
--STEVE!!
"LONG TIME NO SEE!!"
HOW GOES IT, YOU "DEVIL"?!
--CAN'T COMPLAIN--I'M "VICE PRESIDENT" NOW!!
NO KIDDING? ME TOO, "BIG GUY"!!
STILL SINGLE, YOU "SLY DOG"?
WELL, YOU KNOW ME!! NEVER COULD BE "TIED DOWN"!
HOW ABOUT THOSE "METS", EH?
YEAH! HAW! HAW!
WELL, GOTTA BE GOING! "WATCH MY SMOKE"!!
"EAT MY DUST," YOU "DEVIL"!!
--LET'S GET TOGETHER FOR "LUNCH"!!
AWH! AWH! AWH!
AWH! AWH! AWH! AWH! AWH!

KITCHEN SINK PRESS

publishes...

Published monthly, this $1.95 comic reprints four classic tales from Will Eisner's post-World War II period. Each issue features Eisner talking about the stories with Dave Schreiner. THE SPIRIT is universally praised as a pioneer in comics noir, and Eisner is acknowledged as one of the master comics artists.



STEVE CANYON is a $4.95 squarebound book avidly followed by those connoiseurs fond of adventure and Milton Caniff's art. Reprinting chronologically from 1947, each STEVE CANYON features four to six months worth of strips and Caniff talking about the issue's story. Milton Caniff is the greatest—find out why in STEVE CANYON.

JUNGLE BOOK
by Harvey Kurtzman

Coming in August, this hardcover, deluxe book collect four great stories by the creator of MAD, HUMBUG, HELP and other satirical magazines and features. Intro by Robert Crumb. $25.

CONTRACT WITH GOD
NEW YORK
and more new work
...by Will Eisner

Kitchen Sink is Will Eisner's publisher—and we're proud of that fact. The above two books are on the stands, and we're planning another ALL NEW work for this year. Eisner is the cartoonist other cartoonists look to for inspiration.

BORDER WORLDS
by Don Simpson

You laughed at MEGS—now thrill to BORDER WORLDS, Don Simpson's new science fiction tale, published bi-monthly at $1.95. Simpson, a comparatively new artist in the field, garners more praise and followers with each effort. There's a reason for this. Discover BORDER WORLDS and MEGATON MAN!

This bi-monthly $1.95 comic features tales of the eerie, the unexpected, the out of the ordinary. With artists like Rand Holmes, Jack (Jaxon) Jackson, Will Eisner, Charles Burns, Steve Bissette, and writers like Mike Baron and Jan Strnad, this anthology title features the best contemporary professionals working today.

AND MUCH MORE

This is NOT the full lineup for 1986. We have many more projects in mind for this year, including books by master cartoonists, collections of classic strips, and work by contemporary talents. We're working to produce a solid, all-around package—watch our monthly PIPELINE for details.

WHERE QUALITY COUNTS!

GROWING UP WEIRD

RADIO, RADIO

AS KIDS, MOST OF US SPENT A GOOD DEAL OF TIME LISTENING TO THE RADIO.

BUT WERE WE AWARE OF HOW WE WERE AFFECTED BY WHAT WE HEARD?

©1986 by JWILLIAMS

OF COURSE, WE ALL HAD OUR FAVORITES...

♪AMERICAN WO-MUN! GET AWAY FROM ME-HEE! ♪

"AIR GUITAR"

...AS WELL AS SONGS WE SIMPLY **COULD NOT STAND**

♪SUGAR! (:DEE DEE DEET-DEET-DEET DEE!:) OH, HONEY HONEY...♪

GENERALLY SPEAKING, SONGS & GROUPS COULD BE SEPARATED INTO FAIRLY PREDICTABLE CATEGORIES.

COOL SONGS	UNCOOL SONGS
• 96 TEARS	• SYLVIA'S MOTHER
• IN-A-GADDA-DA-VIDA	• YUMMY, YUMMY, YUMMY
• SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE	• PATCHES
• DIRTY WATER	• MILL VALLEY
• ANYTHING BY STEPPENWOLF, THE BEACH BOYS, OR CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL.	• ANYTHING BY NEIL SEDAKA, PAT BOONE, OR THE CARPENTERS.

All rights reserved.

THEN THERE WERE "NOVELTY" SONGS, WHICH FELL INTO A SORT OF BORDERLINE CATEGORY.

♪I-I WUZ BO-ORN UNDER A WAN-N-DRIN' STAR...♪

LEE MARVIN?

YEAH! HAHA!

YOU EITHER LOVED 'EM OR HATED 'EM

SOME TUNES WERE OBVIOUSLY SIMILAR TO OTHER "HITS"

♪WILD THING! YEW MAKE MAH HEART SING! ♪

♪LOUIE, LOUIE♪

SNAPOLA

I SUPPOSE THAT MOST OF US CAN THINK OF A SONG WHICH WE ALWAYS ASSOCIATE WITH OUR **FIRST LOVE**.

♪I CAN'T LI-I-I-IVE, IF LIVIN' IS WITHOUT YOU.

CRUMPLED LOVE NOTE

...AND, PERHAPS, ANOTHER ONE WHICH HELPED US "REBOUND."

♪YEW KNOW AH...USED TO LUV YEW...BUT IT'S-AWL OVAH NAOW!

"LIP SYNCHING" TO A PHOTOGRAPH

A **GROWING UP WEIRD** SHORT STORY

SEEDS OF DISCONTENT

HEY, DID YA LISTEN TO THE "TOP 40"?

NAH! THE ONLY THING I LIKE ON THE RADIO IS THE BEATLES!

LATER...

...SO YOU CAN JUST **STAY IN YOUR ROOM** UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO HELP OUT A LITTLE AROUND HERE!

BAT MAN

:CLICK:

♪YOU'RE PUSHIN' TOO HARD! YOU'RE PUSHIN' TOO HARD—ON ME-E-E! (TOO HA-ARD!)

MAN

-REMEMBER MAKING UP YOUR OWN LYRICS?

♪MY BOYFRIEND'S BACK...

...IS COVERED WITH PIMPLES...!

EWW!

-AND WHO COULD FORGET THE POPULAR VARIATIONS ON "THE NAME GAME"?

...LET'S DO **CHUCK**! ♪CHUCK, CHUCK, BO-BUCK, BANANA-BANA FO...

SHUT UP! MY **DAD** IS IN THE NEXT ROOM! **GOD**, MARCIE!

IN CONCLUSION...EVEN THOUGH THE "SOUND" OF POPULAR MUSIC HAS CHANGED SOME IN RECENT YEARS, THE **CONTENT** HAS STAYED BASICALLY THE SAME...

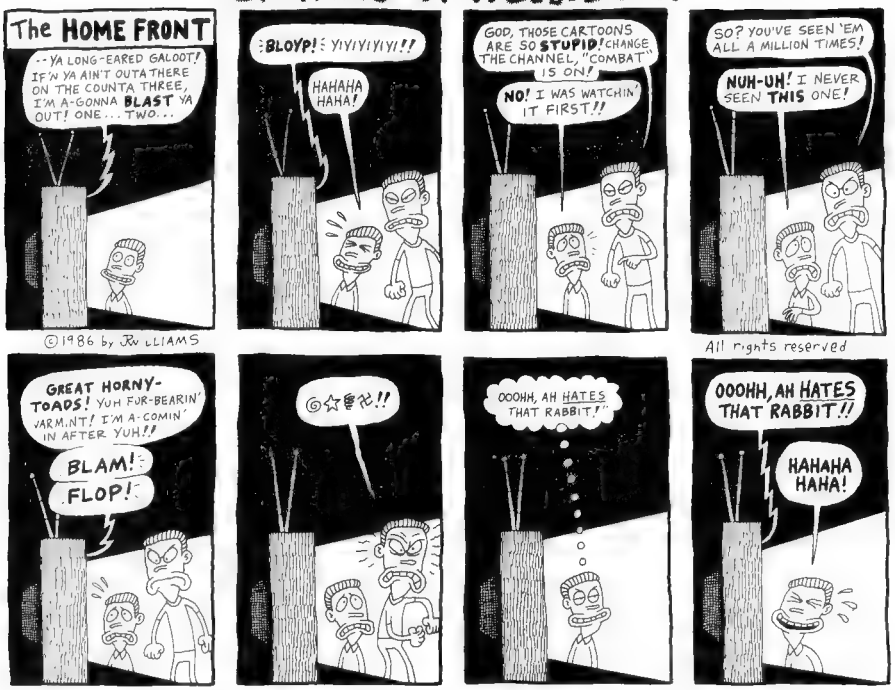
♪BABY, BABY LOVIN' YOO YEAH MY HEART LA,LA,LA OOH ETC.

Z

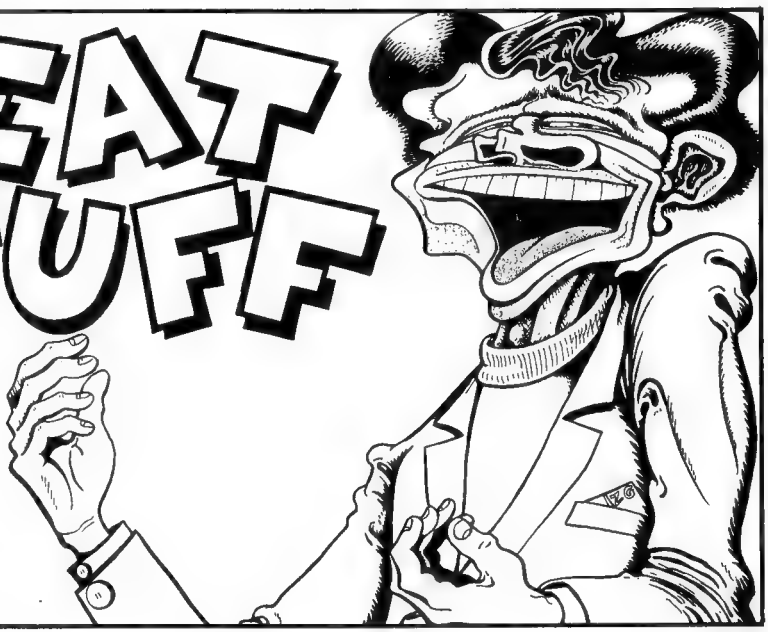
...OR HAS IT?

♪I SAW YOUR MOM-MY AND YOUR MOM-MY'S DEAD!

GROWING UP WEIRD....


The HOME FRONT
--YA LONG-EARED GALOOT! IF'N YA AIN'T OUTA THERE ON THE COUNTA THREE, I'M A-GONNA BLAST YA OUT! ONE... TWO...
©1986 by JIM WILLIAMS
BLOYP! YIYIYIYIYI!!
HAHAHA HAHA!
GOD, THOSE CARTOONS ARE SO STUPID! CHANGE THE CHANNEL, "COMBAT" IS ON!
NO! I WAS WATCHIN' IT FIRST!!
SO? YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL A MILLION TIMES!
NUH-UH! I NEVER SEEN THIS ONE!
All rights reserved
GREAT HORNY-TOADS! YUH FUR-BEARIN' VARMINT! I'M A-COMIN' IN AFTER YUH!!
BLAM!
FLOP!
@☆#%!!
OOOHH, AH HATES THAT RABBIT.
OOOHH, AH HATES THAT RABBIT!!
HAHAHA HAHA!

NEAT STUFF



Issue #5, on sale now, features: "The Fall and Rise of Zoove Groover"; "Life's a Bitch and Then You Die"; Junior in "The Road to Manhood"; "Fun With Girly-Girl"; and much more! Only $3.50 from FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301. Tell them HONK! sent you!

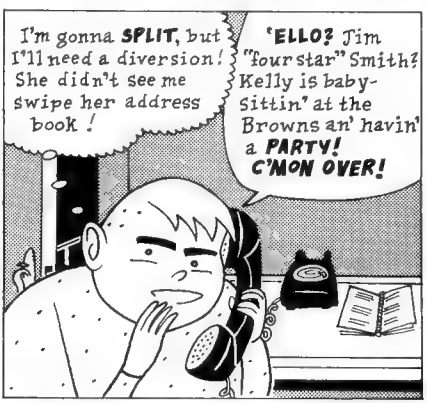
A tale from GIMBLEY

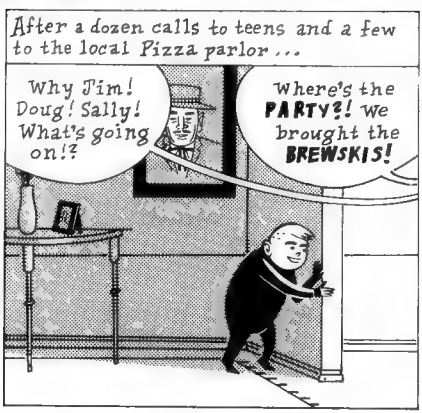
DUE TO PROBLEMS AT HOME I WAS INVITED TO STAY WITH RELATIVES . LIFE IN THEIR VILLAGE WAS SLOW AND TEDIOUS AND IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I WAS SEEKING THE COMFORT OF THE LOCAL INN .

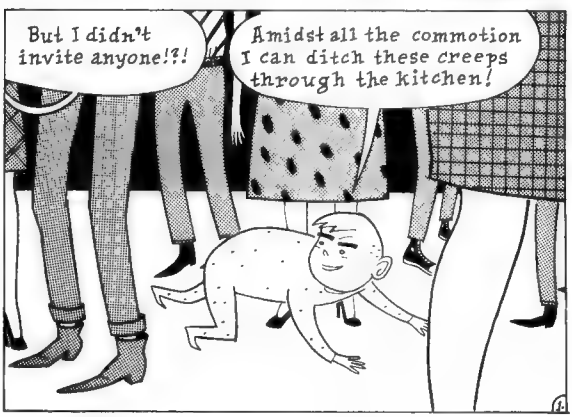
LOOK OUT! IT'S the SQUIRT

Written by: Mort Todd Art by: D. Clowes © 1983

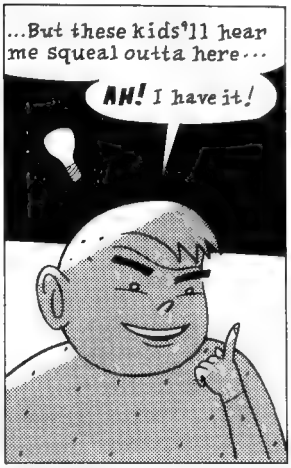
Freddy! Meet your new babysitter, Kelly... the old one had to be commit-- er.. went on vacation!
NUTS! Just when I got the old one broken in!
Do as she says and DON'T give her a hard time!

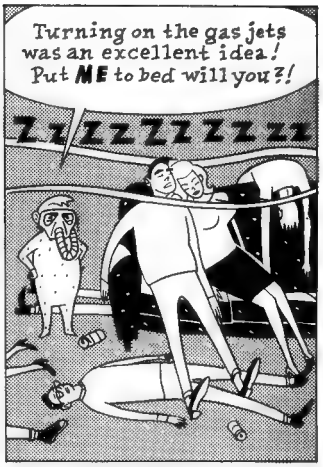

I'm gonna SPLIT, but I'll need a diversion! She didn't see me swipe her address book!
'ELLO? Jim "four star" Smith? Kelly is baby-sittin' at the Browns an' havin' a PARTY! C'MON OVER!

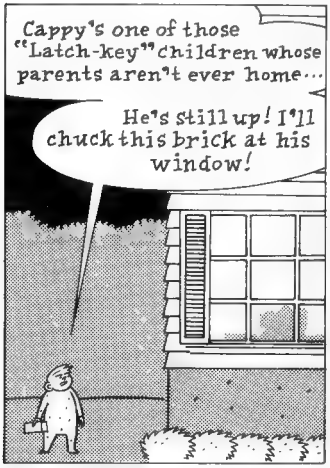

After a dozen calls to teens and a few to the local Pizza parlor ...
Why Jim! Doug! Sally! What's going on!?
Where's the PARTY?! We brought the BREWSKIS!



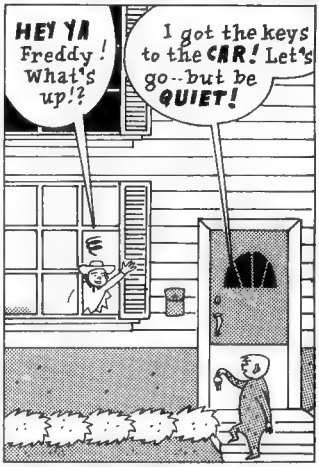
JACKPOT! There're Mom's CAR KEYS! I'll get Cappy and we'll go joyridin'!
HAPPY MOTHERS DAY

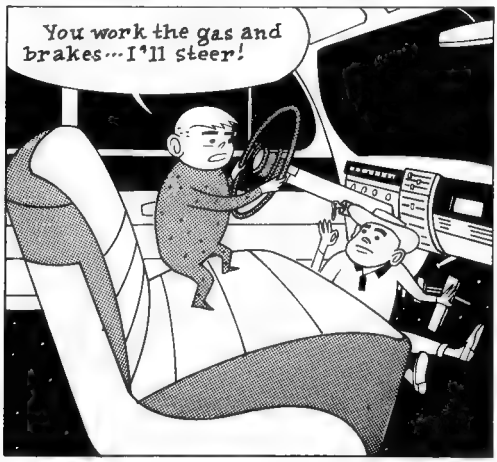

...But these kids'll hear me squeal outta here...
AH! I have it!

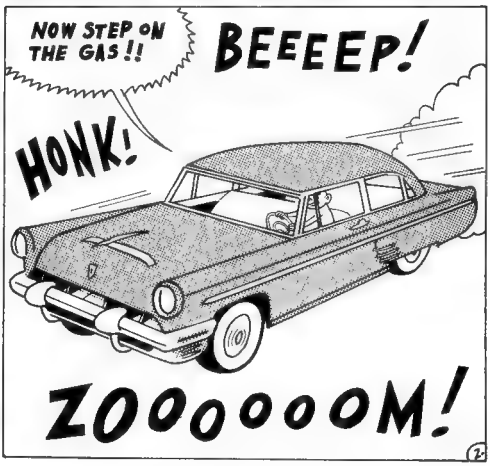

Turning on the gas jets was an excellent idea! Put ME to bed will you?!
Zzzzzzzzz


Cappy's one of those "Latch-key" children whose parents aren't ever home...
He's still up! I'll chuck this brick at his window!

CRASH
HEY CAPPY! C'MON OUT!
BONK!


HEY YA Freddy! What's up!?
I got the keys to the CAR! Let's go--but be QUIET!

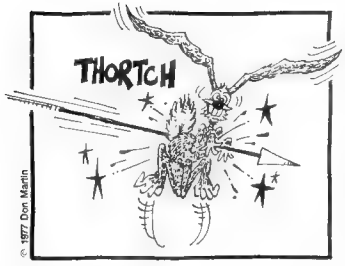

You work the gas and brakes--I'll steer!


NOW STEP ON THE GAS!!
BEEEEP!
HONK!
ZOOOOOOM!

Ya IDJIT! You're standin' on the gas pedal!
No sir! I put a brick on it!
WEE HAW!
SCREEEEEE
HEY! I can't see! Lemme take the wheel awhile!
NO! BACK! BACK!
BEEEEEEEEEP!
YA-HOO! Look out for SPEED RACER!
Lemme drive Freddy ... Huh?
AAAAARRROOO
CHEEZ-IT! The cops are CHASIN' us!
Get back down an' do your JOB! I'm gonna LOSE 'EM!
OOOOOO
He won't pull over! SHOOT if you have to!
B'gosh! He must be some crazy stunt driver!
Hang on PAL! we're headin' home!
?
POLICE
Honey, movies are your best entertainment value! The little tyke in that picture reminded me of our own rapscallion!
BOOM!
Is that thunder? OH NO! WALT! LOOK!!
3.

Y'just can't get good baby-sitters anymore!
Who's gonna pay for these PIZZAS!?
My HOUSE!
My CAR!
My GOD!
?
POLICE
the END

THE MAD WORLD OF DON



When I was growing up in Small Town, USA, *MAD Magazine* was must reading. You could keep Dave Berg, Al Jaffee, the movie and television parodies, and the confusing redundancy of "Spy vs. Spy." All I wanted were the two or three pages of Don Martin cartoons. There, strange double-jointed humanoids—often saddled with names like Joe Fonebone or Fester Bestertester—were routinely getting smacked in the head with falling safes ("KOONG!"), or swallowing pogo sticks ("GLUK!"), or sticking their faces too close to electric fans ("KLING-DING-GOON!"), or having their heads flattened by steamrollers ("KLUNKA-CHUNKA KLUNKA-CHUNKA!").

This was entertainment!

Don Martin's work first appeared in *MAD Magazine* #29 (October 1956) and with but one exception, he's been in every issue since. His work, often described as "insane" or "sick," has earned him the title "*MAD's* Maddest Artist," which is usually incorporated into the titles of his books. Writing in *The MAD World of William M. Gaines*, author Frank Jacobs says of Martin: "Physically he is good-looking, socially he is totally uneccentric, and verbally he almost never utters 'Spap!' 'Blort!' 'Vreech!' or 'Katoonga!'" Perhaps this is why he 's one of the few cartoonists to be listed in both *Who's Who in America* and *Contemporary Authors*.

In addition to his 30 years of *MAD* cartooning, Don Martin's unique style has adorned advertising campaigns for everything from personal computers to tennis shoes (he designed an alarm clock for American Greetings that bears the inscription "GET THE HELL OUTTA BED!") And in June 1982, he collaborated with director and choreographer Wally Lord and the Fusion Dance Company on the comic ballet, "Heads Up."

Martin, who just turned 55, continues to turn out his two or three *MAD* pages an issue (as well as a paperback original every two or three years); for the last 27 years, he has lived in Miami, Florida, with his wife Norma (herself an author and sculptor)

—TOM MASON

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II
ANOTHER (whew!) VISIT TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE
Something very strange has happened to my head Doctor! Watch this
THOO
ThuThhhh....
THOT
Well, that's it, Doc! Pretty weird, eh?
SSSSSSSS
© 1965 E.C. Publications, Inc

WAID: *Tell me about your childhood. Were you the class funnyman?*

MARTIN: Yes, I used to fool around, be pretty much of a wise guy in school. I used to draw cartoons all the time—that goes way back. I could break the kids up that way, get them in trouble sometimes for laughing at my cartoons.

I was born in Paterson, New Jersey and raised in a nearby town called Brookside. My father was a salesman of school supplies and during the depression he was able to buy a twelve-room house in the country outside of Morristown. The house sat on a tree-covered hill and there was a trout stream in front. The area is suburban territory now, but it was very

BY MARK WAID

CHOMP CHOMPLE
GLORT GLUK

I MARTIN

Photographs by Norma Haimes Martin
All MAD Magazine artwork appears with the permission of *MAD* Magazine

rural then. Winters we could sleigh ride down the street and we never worried about cars. It was a beautiful area, lush and pretty, with farms, hills, and woods.

All the time I was living in the country, doing all this country boy stuff and also drawing cartoons. My friend Owen and I had a newspaper one time. He and I were the only ones who ever saw this paper. I used to do the illustrations for it. We were about twelve or thirteen years old, so the paper contained things of interest to us. If a weasel got into the hen house and killed all the chicks, we would write about that. There would be a weasel's picture and we probably gave him a name.

WAID: *That would be your earliest "publishing experience?"*

MARTIN: I guess so, along with the school newspapers and camp newspapers, things like that. In school I used to get by my reports by dong cartoons. I used to get pretty good marks on them for originality.

WAID: *What got you interested in cartooning in the first place?*

MARTIN: I have an older brother, and he was drawing cartoons. That might have been it. I don't know what got him interested in it. [As a salesman of school supplies], our father used to bring home a lot of paper and crayons, pens and colored paper, stuff like that.

I was also just attracted to comics—the funny comics, not the adventure comics.

WAID: *Any specifically?*

MARTIN: Walt Disney was probably the first interest, I guess. We used to get the *New York Herald-Tribune* and the *Journal-American*, and both of them had big Sunday comics sections. The drawings I used to like were *Bringing Up Father—Maggie and Jiggs*. I don't think I followed the stories, the characters, but I used to marvel at the drawings. *Polly and Her Pals* were another one—there again, I didn't know the characters, but they had this cat who mocked everything. *Smokey Stover, Krazy Kat*—this would have been about 1940.

WAID: *Where did you go to school?*

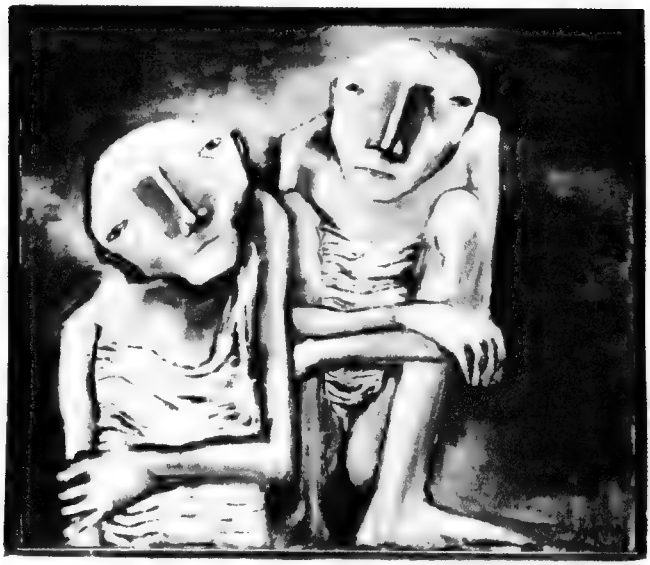
MARTIN: I went to art school in Newark. I was still living at home and got to Newark by train. I went there for three years—the first could of years I was interested in illustration and was doing cartoons, and I even sent out some cartoons to the *Saturday Evening Post* and places like that. Then I got interested in fine art, and so I spent a year there just drawing and painting. Then I went on to Pennsylvania Academy of Art in Philadelphia for a year.

WAID: *That was quite a departure from the direction your career would eventually take. Was there a specific reason that you drifted off in such a direction? Any other pretty fine arts students you were trying to impress?*

MARTIN: (*Laughs*) No, I just got interested in it due to some of the teachers I had. In some of the illustration classes we had some teachers who also taught painting. They would talk about artists I had never heard of before, and suggested going into New York and going to museums there and seeing what was happening.

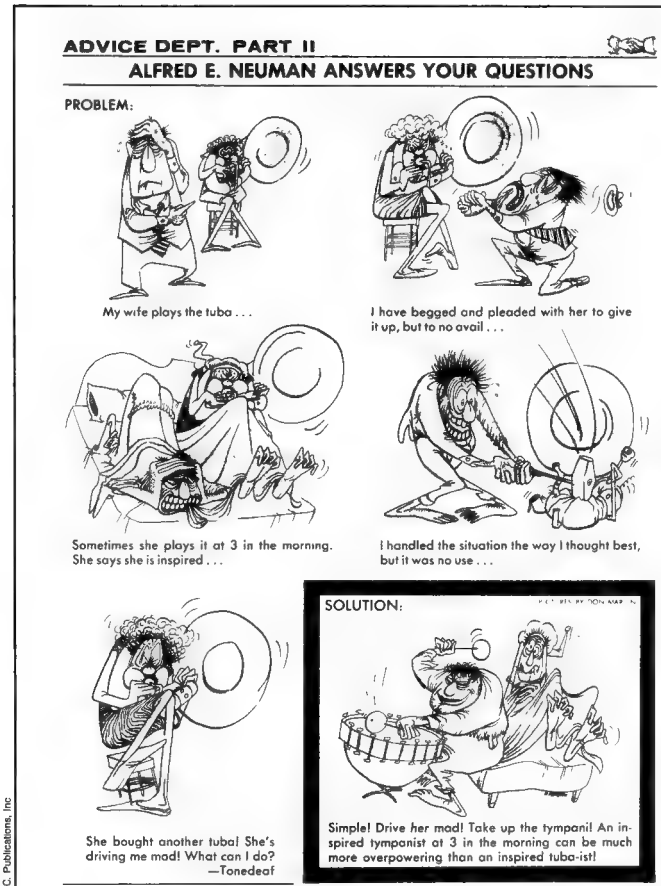
WAID: *Do you feel that that has added anything to what you do today, that background, that exposure?*

MARTIN: Yes, the exposure did, also the



PRESTIGE LP 7025
miles davis and horns
featuring: al cohn zoot sims john lewis sonny rollins
compositions and arrangements by al cohn and john lewis
© 1954 Don Martin

TOP: *Untitled*, an oil painting done as a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.
ABOVE: Album cover, 1954.
TOP RIGHT: From Don Martin's first appearance in *MAD*, 1956.
FAR RIGHT: Illustration from *Metronome Magazine*, 1955.


ADVICE DEPT. PART II
ALFRED E. NEUMAN ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS
PROBLEM:
My wife plays the tuba . . .
I have begged and pleaded with her to give it up, but to no avail . . .
Sometimes she plays it at 3 in the morning. She says she is inspired . . .
I handled the situation the way I thought best, but it was no use . . .
She bought another tuba! She's driving me mad! What can I do?
—Tonedeaf
SOLUTION:
Simple! Drive her mad! Take up the tympani! An inspired tympanist at 3 in the morning can be much more overpowering than an inspired tuba-ist!

© 1956 E.C. Publications, Inc

method of working. I [learned to] keep on drawing until I get a certain feeling that I want to get. A lot of my work contained grotesque figures like the ones in paintings by Bosch and Bruegel. I think the habits that I developed then of drawing what I felt resulted in the way I draw cartoons. I draw cartoons to be funny. The figures are meant to be comical, that's why the distortions are the way they are. The long face, the long jaw, the eyes close together, they strike me as being funny and they make me smile. Apparently, they make a lot of other people smile, too. The way the feet bend on my figures and all my other distortions come from my painting experiences.

WAID: *What were the circumstances surrounding your break from New Jersey into the Big City?*

MARTIN: I went mainly to make a living; I couldn't do it as a fine artist, I didn't want to teach or anything, so I went back to drawing cartoons again. I got together a portfolio of humorous drawings and started going into New York. I picked up a couple of little things, like five dollars a spot. I think the first magazine [I worked for] was *Fantasy and Science Fiction.*

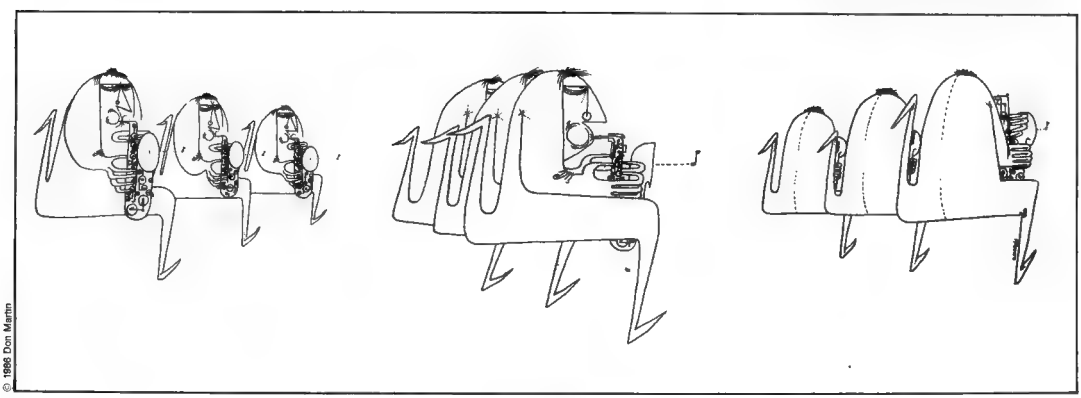
WAID: *How hard was it to establish a career? Did you work out of a studio?*

MARTIN: For a while I stayed at home and traveled in and out [of New York]. I did some record covers and things. I had very good luck—I got a very good response right away. People liked the drawings that I showed them even though they didn't have any work for me. They would pull someone else into their office to look at all my stuff and laugh and have a good time. I got a lot of enthusiasm.

WAID: *Tell me about getting hired on at* MAD.

MARTIN: Well, finally, I did move into New York City and got a job in an art studio doing paste-ups and some freelance things like record covers—in fact, I saw one of those record covers just recently.

The art studio was downtown, near the old *MAD Magazine* building, and my boss suggested I go up there. I got a favorable response. Al Feldstein was there and suggested that I try out an article for them, which I did, and they liked it. "Alfred E. Neuman Answers Your Questions" was the name of



© 1986 Don Martin

it, I believe. They said to loosen up, because the drawings I had shown them had been very tight, design kind of things, very carefully done. So I went home and *really* loosened up. I had speed lines all over the page when I brought it back. When I drew I scribbled all over the paper. They were silent. Feldstein didn't know what to do. It was all scheduled to go to the engraver's and he couldn't use the work. So he said I could have one more shot at it if I came back tomorrow, so I went back to my room and stayed up all night and ended up with the way I draw now.

After that I did some things about television ads for a couple of issues, take-offs, then I got into the jokes that I do now.

WAID: *You've been with* MAD *for some time. In what ways has your technical style evolved? Your style of humor?*

MARTIN: The figures have changed quite a bit. I think that they've gotten mellower—maybe a little cuter, I don't know. The humor, I think too, has gotten a little mellower.

WAID: *What do you attribute that to? The steadiness of the work?*

MARTIN: Growing up. (*Laughs*).

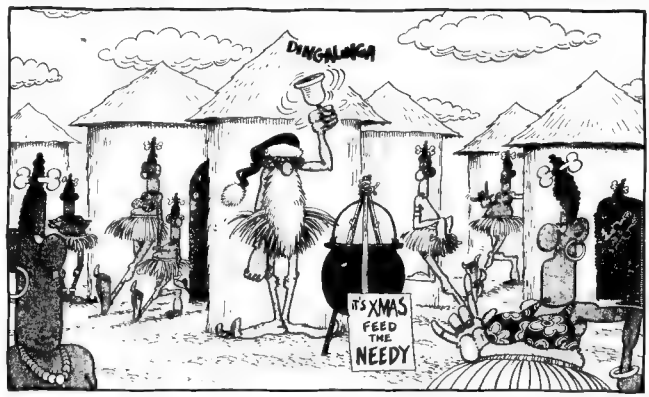
WAID: *Has* MAD *itself had any impact on your work? Do you think it evolved any differently by virtue of your berth with* MAD *than it would have had you hired on at, say, Saturday Evening Post?*

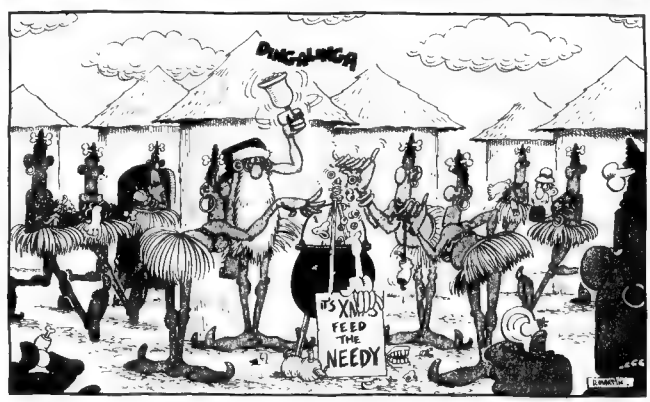
MARTIN: Probably, sure. In the beginning, when I would bring my work up, everyone would stand around laughing hysterically at it. I would be laughing so hard, too, that the tears would be running down my cheeks. It really felt great and I would try to be cool. It's like laughing at your own jokes and I didn't want to do that. But I couldn't help it because I felt so good. Here were five guys standing around looking at a picture and really breaking up as if someone had told them a joke. That could have kept me going.

© 1984 F.C. Publications Inc

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

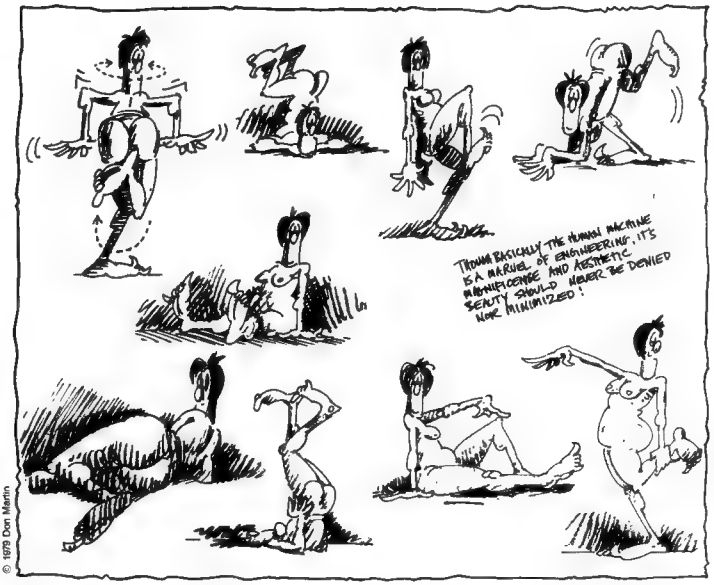
ONE FINE CHRISTMAS IN THE JUNGLE



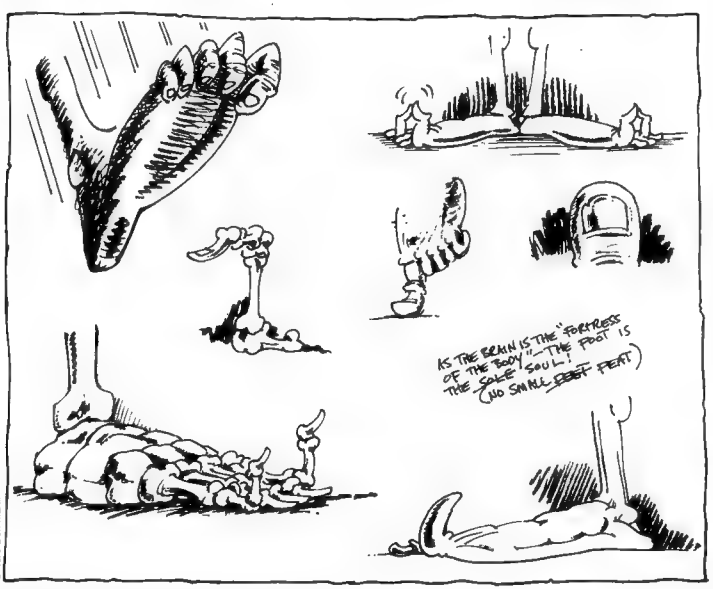


© 1985 F.C. Publications Inc

© 1985 Don Martin


THINK BASICALLY THE HUMAN MACHINE IS A MARVEL OF ENGINEERING. IT'S MAGNIFICENCE AND AESTHETIC SENTRY SHOULD NEVER BE DENIED NOR MINIMIZED!

© 1979 Don Martin



© 1979 Don Martin

FAR LEFT: Illustration from *American Showcase*, volume 9.
LEFT: Roughs for a page in *MAD*, and the finished product.
ABOVE: From *Don Martin Digs Deeper*, 1979.

They wouldn't even have had to pay me.
WAID: *Do you read the rest of the magazine?*
MARTIN: Oh, sure. I read it at the beginning when it was *MAD Comics*.
WAID: *Which cartoonists influenced you? In particular, there seems to be a lot of Virgil Partch in your style .*
MARTIN: I liked him very much—I don't know whether he had any influence on the way I draw or not. When I was in high school, I guess, was when he started coming on the scene. I liked him a lot. I liked all the gag cartoonists of the time. I read *Post* and *Colliers*—Tom Henderson was one, John Gallagher, I remember. Mort Walker came out of that school, too, cartoons in the *Post*.
WAID: *Describe to me a typical Don Martin working day.*
MARTN: I get up pretty early and like to start working by 9:00. It depends on what I'm doing, if I'm writing or if I'm drawing—mostly I've been drawing recently, doing some advertising work and stuff like that. I work a few hours, have lunch, work a couple more hours, then I go out and run, shower, eat, do maybe another hour or two in the evening.
WAID: *Take me, from start to finish, through a particular cartoon. What's the process?*
MARTIN: The ideas are worked out from sketching, from doodling, from looking at lists of things, encyclopedias and indexes of encyclopedias, phone books, and other cartoons. I sketch out the idea with each panel on a separate sheet of paper—which is a good way to do panel cartoons, incidentally, because you can edit, substitute, put in panels or take them away, something you can't do if you lay out the whole page at once. You also get a better feeling for timing between panels, one panel to the next, because each panel is like a little surprise.

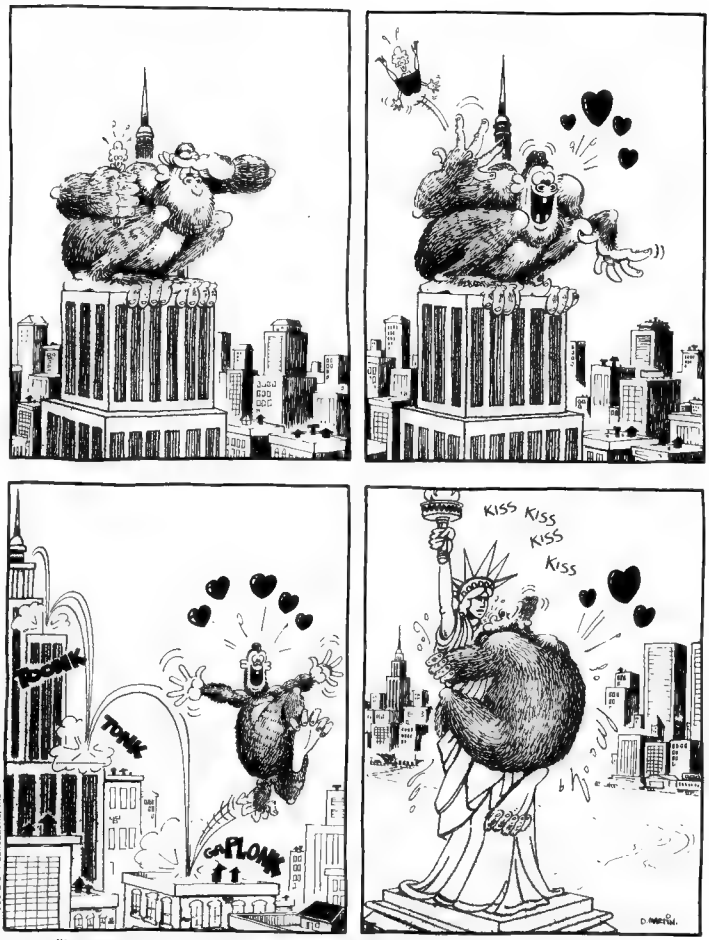
[Then] I send it [to *MAD*], and they either send it back, or send it back with a page laid out, and I draw. I sketch up the finished work on typewriter paper and transfer it to the board with a lightbox. It's pencilled quite tightly, very tightly, I get in everything that I'm going to pencil. I do a lot of erasing, a lot of changing, then I ink it with a pen.
WAID: *What size do you work?*
MARTIN: For *MAD*, twice up.
WAID: *Tell me about your series of paperback books. How did they come about? I know at*

TOES

"The fact is my big toes stick up like that. I always draw hands with the pinky sticking out too, but my pinky doesn't do that. I draw them that way because it is a funny gesture when people have the pinky sticking out. Oliver Hardy was always doing that. It is a kind of mock daintiness. I never drew those gestures consciously, trying to be funny. My drawings just came out that way. Trying to be funny these things happened, but I didn't sit down and think, 'What's funny? A toe sticking up in the air. OK, I'll do that then.' I don't work that way."

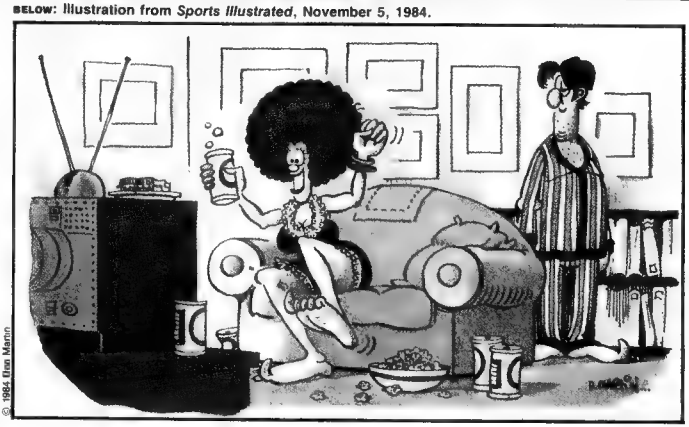
CARTOONS

"To be a cartoonist, you have to know how to draw. I don't know how a school can teach someone to specifically draw cartoons. All that a student gets in cartooning classes is practice in drawing action and gestures. My advice would be to draw simply, know how to create a good composition and how to use black shapes effectively. I still don't know, to my satisfaction, how to use heavy black areas. As far as gag writing goes, that is learned by experience. It helps to look at other cartoons and to listen to comics since they do about the same thing, with their distilled way of saying things. It is important to develop a method or technique that taps free association. There is a gag writers school and I imagine they give students problems to solve, like assignments on describing a character. Those things do enter into cartooning also. There are things that you have to think about, like setting the stage for a cartoon. Making the backgrounds accurate may be important for some cartoonists and not for others. In fact, some cartoonists seem to distill their backgrounds as much as they do their captions. They try to make it as simple as possible. You do have to show where the person is, if he is in his house, if he is in a bar, if he is an office, what kind of office. You have to be able to pick out the rhings that will make the scene, so the reader knows where the person is at once. There are no rules about the amount of detail that a cartoonist should draw. Some people like to put in a lot of details, a lot of elaborate cross-hatching, and some people want to distill the drawing down to the simplest lines that they can. There are no rules, it is up to the artist. I don't think detail is essential to a gag or to the cartoon, most of the time. That's all gravy."



© 1986 E.C. Publications, Inc.

BELOW: Illustration from *Sports Illustrated*, November 5, 1984.



© 1984 Elliot Martin

the time they began, New American Library had already started doing MAD *paperbacks*

MARTIN: Right. The *MAD* editor up there at the time was [*Ragtime* author] E.L. Doctorow. He was interested in my drawings, we were corresponding, and he was thinking of me doing some children's books. I remember sketching up *Alice in Wonderland*, but I don't know what happened to [those pieces].

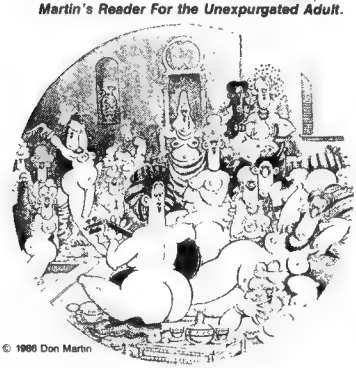
Meanwhile, I was working with a friend of mine who has since died. He wasn't a professional gag writer, but he was a very funny guy, and we were kicking aound an idea for a comic book. Instead of laying out the ideas that we came up with on of the comic page, I was doing them in the same way I was doing *MAD*—each panel on a separate sheet of paper. I pasted the drawings back-to-back and put them in a loose-leaf notebook and discovered that I had a book. I sent that to [Doctorow], and that was the first book. That was 1961. They did another one the following year, and after that it's been every two years.

WAID: *Over the years,* MAD *seems to have*

gotten comfortable with a predominately teen-aged audience. Do you see yourself gearing the bulk of your cartoons and/or books towards any particular age group?
MARTIN: No, I don't. I would like to get into an older audience, also—not instead of, just also—but I just do what strikes me as funny.
WAID: *What do you do to relax? Do you paint, sketch, produce any non-humorous work?*
MARTIN: No, I don't. I have a bicycle, I get out into the country with that. I go to the beach. I have a boat and a canoe.
WAID: *Have you ever thrown your hands in the air and said, "That's it. The well is dry. I have no more gags"?*
MARTIN: No, I haven't. It's a lot of work to come up with gags, but I've found that if I keep after it, they come back up.
WAID: *When you get an idea for one, do you lay your pencil to paper immediately, make a note to come back to it later, or what?*
MARTIN: I've found I have to draw while I'm thinking.
WAID: *In other words, you can't just be sitting there in the easy chair watching television and jotting down ideas for gags?*
MARTIN: That happens rarely.
WAID: *What impacts upon you on a day-to-day basis? What do you "draw" from?*
MARTIN: I think I'm still drawing on the things that impressed me when I was a kid, like the comics that I told you about. Like Laurel and Hardy, for example, and Charlie Chaplin. My sense of humor when I was a young boy.
WAID: *No more modern-day influences?*
MARTIN: Yes, but I find it still goes back to [my youth]. I like comics and comedy. There are not too many funny movies that I see. I like Woody Allen a lot, Steve Martin's movies a lot. There's a couple of comedy clubs around, we go to them now and then.

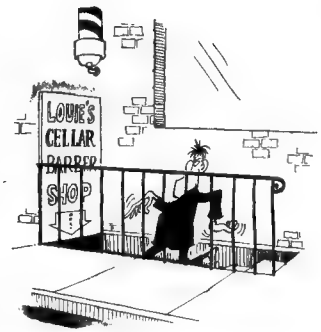
Looking at other people's cartoons, too—I like Gary Larson. He reminds me of Kliban, who I like very much. I like the *New Yorker* cartoonists, George Booth, Sam Gross. I like the animated cartoons, the Warner Brothers cartoons. I just saw an exhibition of Chuck Jones's cartoons, and they were very funny—Bugs Bunny. Daffy Duck. I think Sylvester the Cat is my favorite of all those.
WAID: *What are the things that Don Martin finds the funniest—what in the comic strips, the movies, the entertainment media in general?*

Illustration from "Nudes in Art" section, *Don Martin's Reader For the Unexpurgated Adult*.

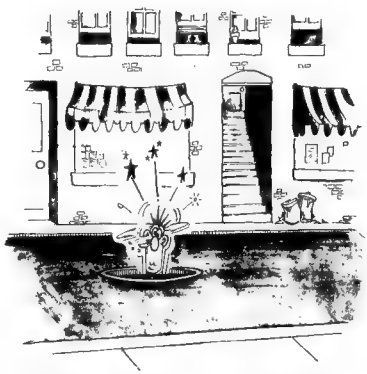


© 1966 Don Martin

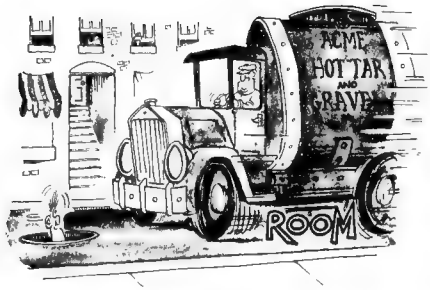
THE HAIRCUT

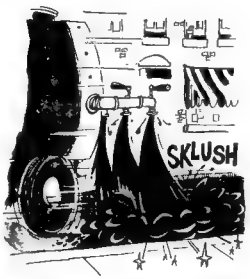


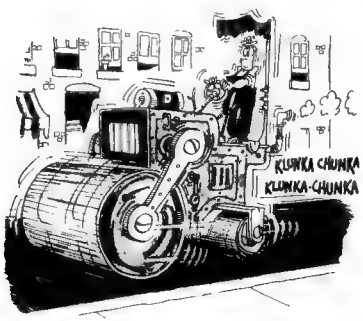
Give me a good one this time, Louis, and pay particular attention to the part! You know how fussy I am!
Yes, sir! Just let me adjust the chair a little, and . . .

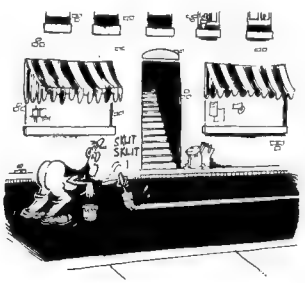


MARTIN: That's about it. I get *Punch* magazine, I like the cartoonists in there. One cartoonist named Banx, especially, who is like a bigfoot cartoonist.
WAID: *Is there a single most important ingredient to comedy. To cartooning in particular?*
MARTIN: I don't have any ideas what it is. Exaggeration and surprise, incongruity and things like that. All those elements. Surprise is part of it in that the joke is sort of unexpected. I know in the kinds of things I do, if you can see the joke coming, most of the time it is going to be rejected. In certain jokes, it's okay to see what is coming. In fact, I have seen Laurel and Hardy do things where you can see the joke coming and it is as funny as can be. You see the banana peel laying there and you know one of them is going to fall on it. They get their humor out of when it happens. It ends up that slipping on the banana peel isn't the joke after all. In my things, I know that if I let the reader know what is going to happen, it is not a good cartoon any more. A lot of the problem in working out a gag has to do with controlling this element. If it is too far out, too much of a surprise, then it is not going to work either. The gag has to have its own kind of inner logic. It's not the logic of our real world, but there has to be some connection or logic in it, otherwise nobody would get it. A gag has to be something fairly universal, also, something people can relate to and understand.
WAID: *Are there any "sacred cows" that even Don Martin won't poke fun at? If so, why? If not, why not?*
MARTIN: I don't think so.
MRS. MARTIN: Listen, I don't think he has any. . .our cat just very recently got terribly sick. He's an old cat, he's 17 years old, and his kidneys are failing. It was a very emotional experience. It's only been during the past two weeks, and I'm laughing, but I'm really









© 1966 E.C. Publications, Inc.

miserably unhappy.

So we were at the vet, and I don't just want to let that cat, when he dies, get dumped in a dump. I want to—not bury him formally, but I felt we should cremate him. We're discussing this kind of thing. We started talking about how we'd have to bring the cat to the vet and they'd put him to sleep and we'd have to take him to the place where the cremation was. He said, "Could you just picture it, you're trying to open the car door with the key in one hand and you've got this dead cat rolling out of your arms?" So Don doesn't have any sacred cows.

MARTIN: I think that anything can be poked fun at.

MRS. MARTIN: You know about that HBO thing—*Comic Relief*? That's a pretty rough subject to make fun of.

MARTIN: When I started in the '50s, sick humor was just coming in and it was something that had to do with people being mutilated. They were flattened, blown up, and distorted in various ways. I did a lot of those kinds of gags. That kind of humor has been around for a long time in animated cartoons, like *Tom and Jerry*. Now sick humor was mostly jokes about taboo subjects, things that we were not supposed to make fun of, like multiple sclerosis, iron lungs, or amputees. Those jokes also had a lot of violence, bloodletting or mutilation, which is where I come in, I guess. That was all right with me. There are some people who get their gags by reading through the newspaper. These people want to make some social comment along with being funny. They want to satirize. The way I write gags is the same as the way I draw. I am just trying to be funny. I don't usually make much of a comment socially or politically. It's a silly sense of humor. I love Laurel and Hardy's slapstick and nonsense. Doors slamming in people's faces are fun. Pies in the faces are fun.

WAID: *Tell me about your famous sound effects. What makes them "ring so true?"*

MARTIN: I don't know. I didn't do them at first, it took a couple of years. Then, when I started doing them, I began having fun with it and tried to amuse myself. I think up what a certain thing would sound like, then I fool around with the word itself and try to get a funny sound out of it. I think the combination of the two is what's successful.

WAID: *What else have you been working on recently?*

MARTIN: As I said, I'm doing some advertising work. There's also a company in Germany that starting to animate my work. They're doing things mostly for European television, that's the way it'll start out.

WAID: *Any chance we'll see these pieces on American cable?*

MARTIN: I hope so.

MRS. MARTIN: Don was interviewed by a local TV station and they put one of the test pieces with the interview. It really looks super.

WAID: *I bet it was a big thrill for you to see your work translated into another medium after thirty years.*

MARTIN: Yes, it was.

WAID: *Did they do a respectable job?*

MARTIN: Yes. It was just a sample—I think that they'll do much better.

WAID: *I can see how your work would adapt so beautifully to animation. I'm surprised no one has approached you before.*

MARTIN: There've been feelers, but this is the first time it's actually been done.

I'm also thinking about doing a book for adults.

MRS. MARTIN: The title will be *Don Martin's Reader for the Unexpurgated Adult*. The theme is sex, but no vulgar [material]. It will have different things covered in it. There's going to be a section on the human form in art through history, and he's already done that one.

WAID: *Do you have a publisher lined up?*

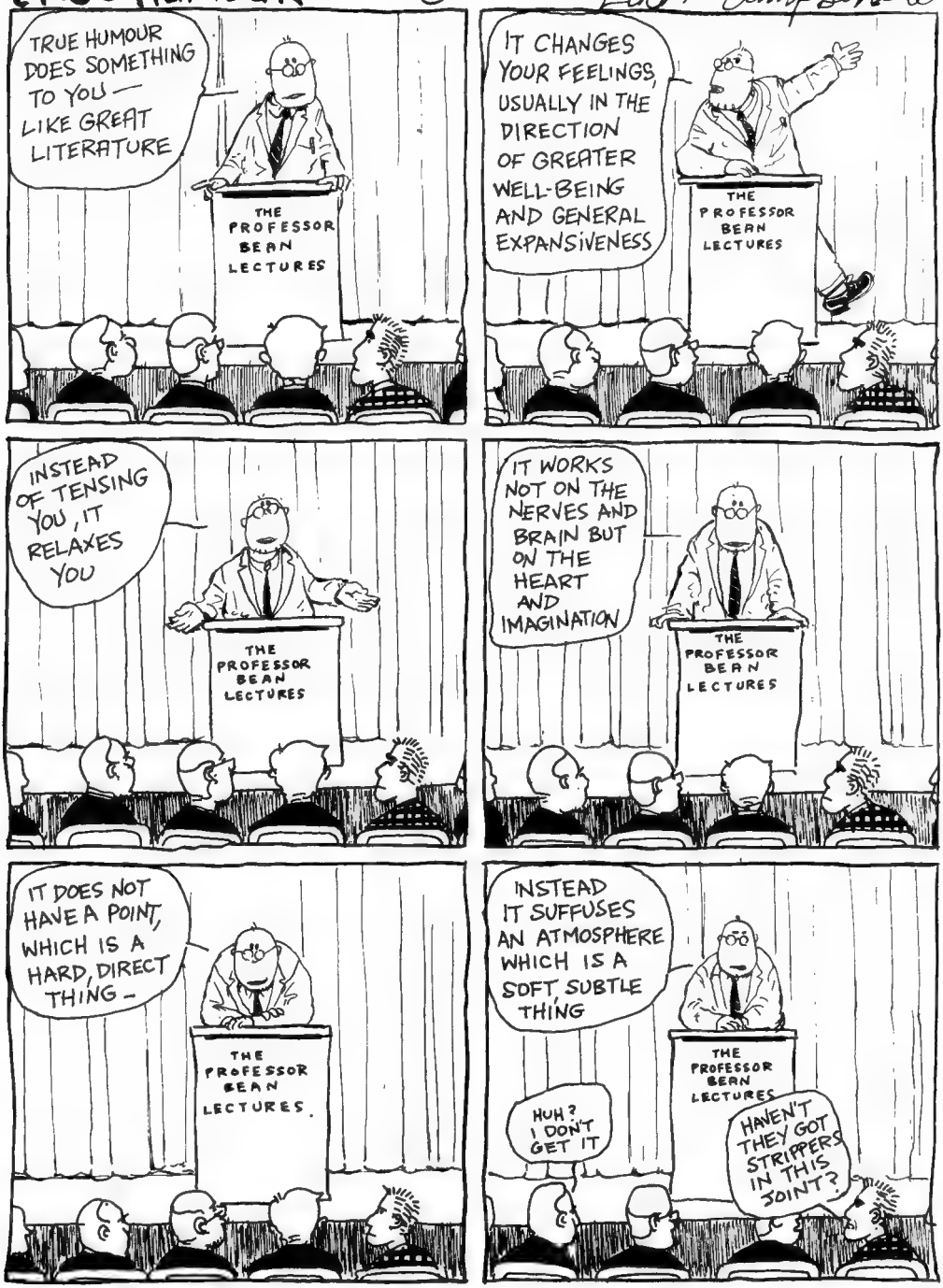
MARTIN: No one definite yet—it's just something I'm working on.

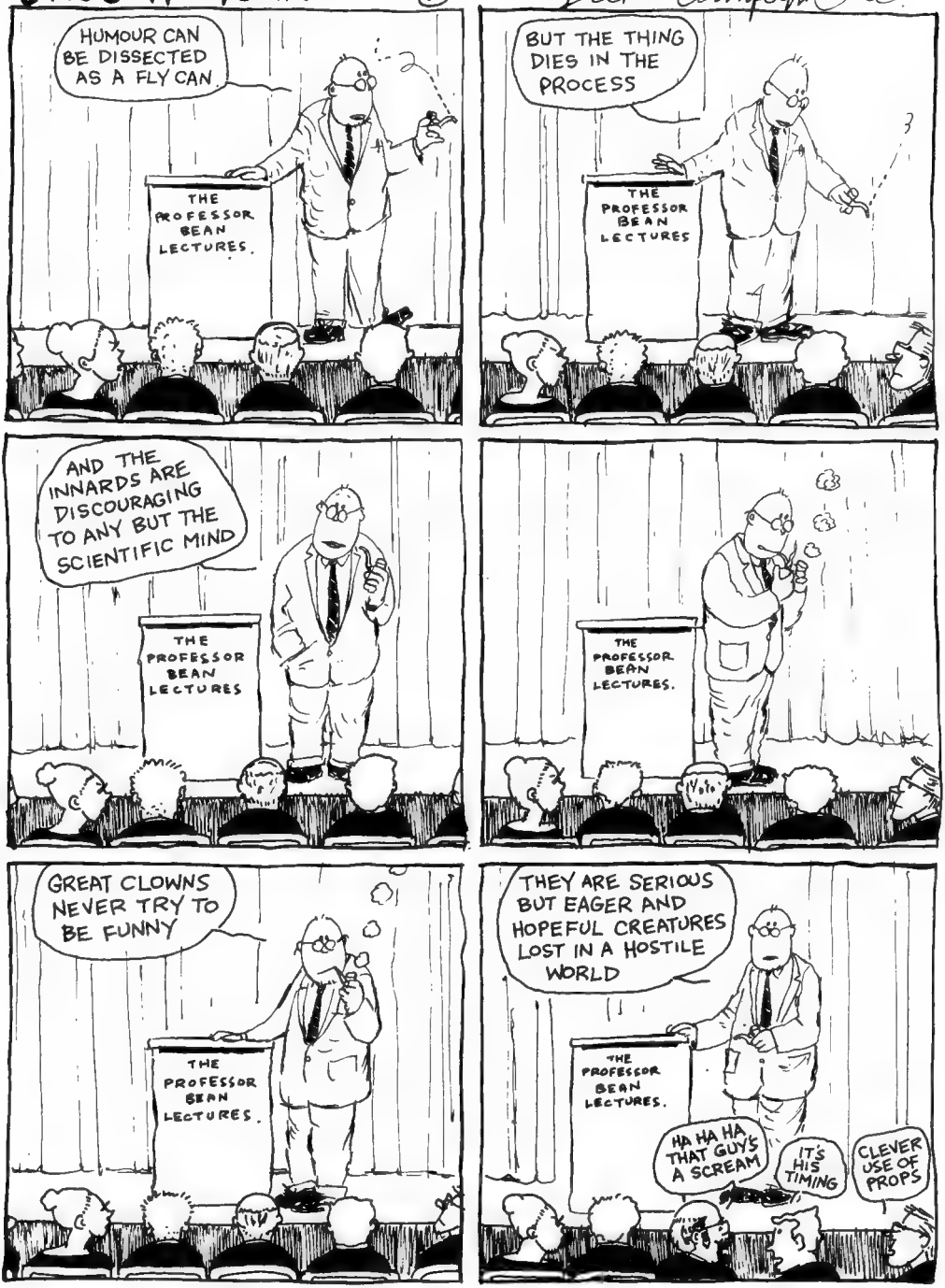
INGLEDY-GLINGLEDY—DINGLEDY-DONG

Oops! There's my doorbell, Mark. Sorry, I have to go. Bye!

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Don Martin Sails Ahead, Warner, 1986.
Captain Klutz II, Warner, 1983.
Don Martin Grinds Ahead, Warner, 1981.
Mad's Don Martin Digs Deeper, Warner, 1979.
Don Martin Forges Ahead, Warner, 1977.
Don Martin Steps Further Out, Warner, 1975.
Completely Mad Don Martin (reprints from *Mad*), Warner, 1974.
Mad's Don Martin Carries On, Warner, 1973.
Mad's Don Martin Comes On Strong, NAL, 1973.
Mad's Don Martin Cooks Up More Tales, NAL, 1969.
Mad Adventures of Captain Klutz , NAL, 1967.
Don Martin Drops Thirteen Stories, NAL, 1965.
Don Martin Bounces Back, NAL, 1963.
Don Martin Steps Out, NAL, 1962.


TRUE HUMOUR
1
Eddie Campbell ©86
TRUE HUMOUR DOES SOMETHING TO YOU — LIKE GREAT LITERATURE
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES
IT CHANGES YOUR FEELINGS, USUALLY IN THE DIRECTION OF GREATER WELL-BEING AND GENERAL EXPANSIVENESS
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES
INSTEAD OF TENSING YOU, IT RELAXES YOU
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES
IT WORKS NOT ON THE NERVES AND BRAIN BUT ON THE HEART AND IMAGINATION
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES
IT DOES NOT HAVE A POINT, WHICH IS A HARD, DIRECT THING —
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES
INSTEAD IT SUFFUSES AN ATMOSPHERE WHICH IS A SOFT, SUBTLE THING
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES
HUH? I DON'T GET IT
HAVEN'T THEY GOT STRIPPERS IN THIS JOINT?


HUMOUR CAN BE DISSECTED AS A FLY CAN.
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES.
BUT THE THING DIES IN THE PROCESS
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES
AND THE INNARDS ARE DISCOURAGING TO ANY BUT THE SCIENTIFIC MIND
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES.
GREAT CLOWNS NEVER TRY TO BE FUNNY
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES.
THEY ARE SERIOUS BUT EAGER AND HOPEFUL CREATURES LOST IN A HOSTILE WORLD
THE PROFESSOR BEAN LECTURES.
HA HA HA THAT GUY'S A SCREAM
IT'S HIS TIMING
CLEVER USE OF PROPS

MARK M

How many demigods does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Good question. If anyone knows, it's Mark Marek, chronicler of *Hercules Amongst the North Americans*, the strip that charts the daily struggles of the legendary Greek strongman as he carves out a life for himself alongside the refrigerator repairmen and blue-haired housewives of 20th century America.

Marek, who makes his home in New Jersey, was actually born and raised in Dallas, Texas—not exactly one of the cultural meccas of Western civilization. Nevertheless, his interest in illustrative art was sparked at an early age. "It goes back to grade school. When I was a kid, we had a blackboard, and once and a while I'd get my dad to come over to it. I'd say 'draw Popeye.' He'd draw Popeye. I'd say 'draw a mountain,' or whatever. He was able to draw it. I was always amazed. It was magical to watch somebody pull an image out of their head and put it on paper."

Naturally, then, young Marek eventually began producing artwork for his own amusement. "I've always exploited it, like when I had to do book reports, I'd always add little drawings to them. The teachers would love it. I guess that's why I have a tendency towards figurative imagery as opposed to abstract expression, recognizable figures, because I realized at an early age that I could use that."

By the time Marek graduated from high school, he had no doubts as to what vocation he'd be practicing for the rest of his life. "I wanted to go to at school out of state in Chicago, but my parents couldn't afford it, so, out of practicality, I went to Austin—which actually turned out to be a pretty good school. This was in '74.

"My major was in studio painting. I wasn't really interested in illustration, although that's what I do now as a profession. The charm about college is that you have four years of freedom to really mess around. That's why I took a very liberal arts/fine arts major—I could cut loose, do whatever I wanted, explore things. You can always learn illustration techniques in the field. When I came [to New York], I didn't know hardly any techniques. I learned as I went along. Total freedom, and not worrying about having to make a buck—that's what college meant to me.

"In that respect, I did dabble in more abstract work, and I was able to really loosen up my style. My style before college was very tight pen-and-ink, nothing like I do now. I burned out on that kind of extreme realism and just went crazy with style.

"After I graduated, I came right up to [New York City]. Basically, if you're into the arts or anything along those lines, you either go to San Francisco, Chicago or New York—and I think you go to San Francisco or Chicago

by MARK WAID

All artwork © 1986 Mark Marek

MAREK

if you're afraid of New York." Marek insists that the culture shock between Texas and New York wasn't that jarring. "Coming up here was easy—I've always liked the northeast, and I guess after just being in Dallas for 20 years and doing nothing, I was ready to do something, desperate to do *anything*, and I knew that New York was where everything was."

Before long, Marek got involved in New York's underground comix scene, finding it to be the best place to continue working in the more abstract style to which he'd become accustomed. To those weaned on the work of the superslick cartoonists, Marek's artistic approach might seem a little—oh, bizarre. But, says Marek, "it's fast. It allows me to get an idea on paper. Although the drawing is at least as—if not more—important than the concept, I see it as a vehicle to get [the concept] out fast and move on to something else. It's not that it's careless—it includes all the work previous to it—but it's not dried out, it's as fresh as I can make it. Momentum is something I hate to lose. I hate to get bogged down."

Marek explains the genesis of his style by talking about his experiences with *New Wave Comix*. "What that was, was to take an idea and do a strip on it—to take any topic and have a discussion with myself, not knowing where I was going. I didn't sit down and work out the whole script, work out a one-two-three punchline situation. Instead, I would take a topic, like a waitress or whatever—something superficial, it really didn't matter—and the first panel would be something that could stand on its own. Then I'd work on the next panel, it would follow the first panel, going towards the end but not knowing how I was going to end [the strip]. Something I'd come up with a surprise ending that I found was funny or interesting. The whole *Newave* phase was a crazy phase."

Hercules Amongst the North Americans was a direct outgrowth of Marek's work in *New Wave Comix*, though a fundamental difference between it and his earlier work was Marek's own degree of self-restriction. "With Hercules, I got more into knowing a little more concretely where I was going. I usually base each strip on a parallel between American and Greece—like diners or whatever—and don't think it through too much, but instead get started drawing as quickly as possible." Hence, Marek began producing vignettes starring Hercules as a contestant on Jeopardy ("Greek Greats for $200!"), as a traveller lost in the wandering labyrinth underneath Manhattan (a.k.a. Penn Station), and as a lover trying vainly to appease his girlfriend with the Golden Fleece (a genuine hand-spray-painted sable fur). Not to mention as a guy who raises hell when the guys at Midas Muffler can't turn his car into gold.

"I just don't trust myself if I work too long on an idea. I only trust myself if I'm not ahead of myself. Actually, when I come to the end of a strip, if I don't have an ending in mind

ABOVE: Album cover for Cyndi Lauper's dance single of *She-Bop*.
BELOW: Illustration for *Rolling Stone*, 1984.

DIRTY FATHER HARRY
PRIVATE CELIBATE DICK
THE CITY — A SPRAWLING MASS OF DISMAL GRAY CONCRETE SEETHING WITH VICE AND WICKEDNESS. THEY SAY THAT EVERY 15 SECONDS A MORTAL SIN IS COMMITTED IN THE CITY
A SCREAM PIERCES THE STILLNESS OF THE VIRGIN NIGHT AIR.
HELP
What can I say? I'm a sap for a dame in distress.
STOP! THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!
WHATTA I GET?! A SOCK IN THE PUSS.
BOF
SO, YA WANNA PRAY ROUGH!
MY YEARS OF RIGOROUS TRAINING AT THE SEMINARY ONCE AGAIN PAY OFF WITH BIG DIVIDENDS
BIFF
TAKE THIS WITH MY BLESSING
WUMP
WUMP
Really, it's not that big a deal
No one would ever accuse Father Harry of being too forgiving
the maverick Dirty Father Harry may, indeed, be alone in his belief that the Hand of the Lord wears brass knuckles.
© Mark Cyril Marek, 19

TOP: *Dirty Father Harry* from the *National Lampoon*.
ABOVE: Artwork from *Rolling Stones* lp *Dirty Work*..

but I find one, it'll surprise me. If I've thought about an ending, I'm not sure any more. I work it out on a piece of paper, then get the strip done and go, 'Well, I've been thinking about this for a while and it doesn't sound funny any more.' When I spend a lot of time on a piece is when I go 'I don't know what's going on here anymore.' I get lost.

"If I had my choice, a lot more of my strips would be open-ended. But a lot of editors have gotten on me about that. They don't like that esoterica, and prefer more of a punchline."

Marek really began to make his mark when Hercules began appearing in *High Times* and *National Lampoon*. Soon afterwards, even casual MTV viewers—those that don't read *Times* or *NatLamp*—were given their opportunity to become familiar with Marek's work when he provided the animation for the Cyndi Lauper video, "She-Bop." According to Marek, that particular project was a direct offshoot of a limited edition compilation from *New Wave Comix*. "That ended up in a lot of people's hands, one of them being Cyndi Lauper, who liked my work. She wanted me to do this cover for her EP dance single of 'She-Bop,' so I did this redrawing of one of the strips. She actually wanted the panel verbatim, but I took it out and redrew it because, at the time, I didn't like the drawing any more. Then her video director called me and asked if I'd like to be involved in the animation for the video.

"After that, I did a small, fifteen-second Hercules piece for MTV," which led to more of the spot-animation work that Marek continues to produce for the video network from time to time. "I also just did a bit of animation for a McDonald's commercial. They didn't use all my stuff. They thought it was pretty crazy, so I'm sure that it won't be anything that looks like my stuff, but I did have a 'Brush With McDonalds,' yeah."

Animation aside, though, cartooning continues to be Marek's primary interest. "There's a character I'm working on now that goes even farther than Hercules. This is the character I'd done originally for the Rolling Stones album, a character called Dirty Father Harry, basically a kick-ass, Dirty Harry priest, in a kind of Raymond Chandler-ish detective format. He's a tough detective—his subtitle is 'Private Celibate Dick.' I did this for the Rolling Stones and they loved it, but eventually their lawyers read it and said, 'We can't do this—the midwest will never buy it.' I was really disappointed. The *National Lampoon* is printing it right now—I got them to print it by telling them that the Rolling Stones were using it on their album.

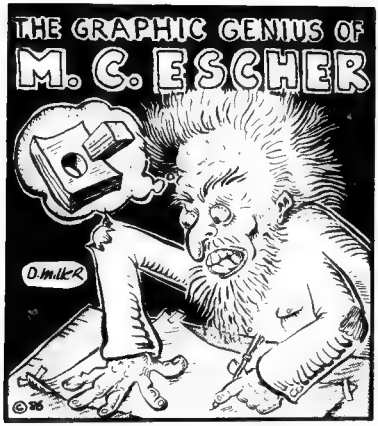
"With this character, I pick a certain aspect of religion that I can relate to a Raymond Chandler-type of detective. Like Hercules, actually—you take a character who has a really strong identity and put him in any basic situation and it'll be interesting. In this respect I actually am writing out the scripts before I get started drawing."

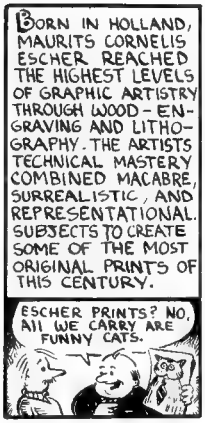
Does Marek always prefer to work in a humorous context? "No, not always. I think that my sensibilities lend themselves to humor, that's the avenue I most often take. It's not really humor, though—it's cynicism or satire. Biting humor. Maybe I shouldn't be doing it after a while because I've gotten comfortable with it, but I find I can get things across clearly with humor—as long as it has some degree of angst or cynicism to it."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

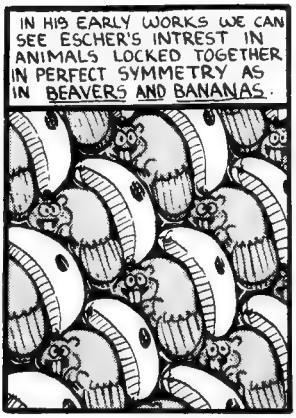
New Wave Comics (1981). $5.95 from Manhattan Design, 47 W. 13th St., NYC 10011

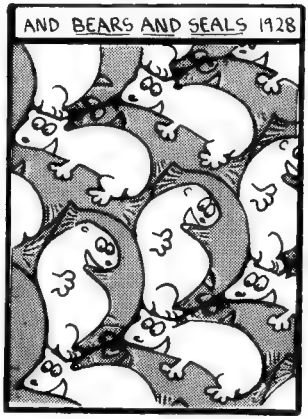
Hercules Amongst the North Americans (1986). Penguin. (Not available by mail.)


THE GRAPHIC GENIUS OF
M. C. ESCHER
D.MILLER
©'85


BORN IN HOLLAND, MAURITS CORNELIS ESCHER REACHED THE HIGHEST LEVELS OF GRAPHIC ARTISTRY THROUGH WOOD-ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY. THE ARTISTS TECHNICAL MASTERY COMBINED MACABRE, SURREALISTIC, AND REPRESENTATIONAL SUBJECTS TO CREATE SOME OF THE MOST ORIGINAL PRINTS OF THIS CENTURY.
ESCHER PRINTS? NO, ALL WE CARRY ARE FUNNY CATS.

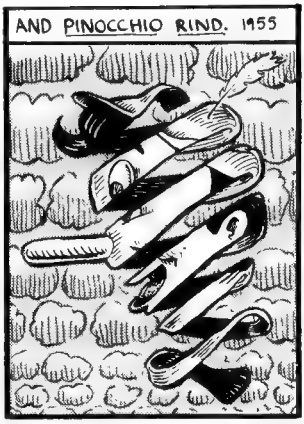
FROM 1919-22 HE STUDIED AT THE SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE UNDER THE INSTRUCTION OF S. JESSURUN DE MISQUITO WHO GREATLY INFLUENCED ESCHER'S DEVELOPMENT.
NO! NO! SAY IT WITH MORE FEELING, MORE SINCERITY! "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY ETCHINGS?" GO ON, SAY IT!

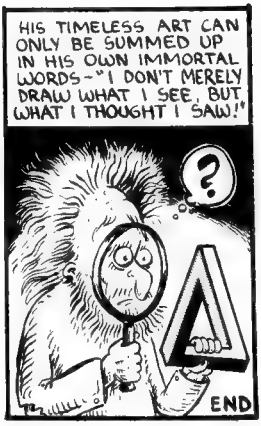

IN HIS EARLY WORKS WE CAN SEE ESCHER'S INTREST IN ANIMALS LOCKED TOGETHER IN PERFECT SYMMETRY AS IN BEAVERS AND BANANAS.


AND BEARS AND SEALS 1928

IN 1937 ESCHER'S ARTISTIC MOTIVATION TOOK A MAJOR CHANGE IN DIRECTION.
FRANZ! TECHNIC IS NO LONGER IMPORTANT TO ME, I WANT TO EXPRESS MY TRUE INNER SELF!
YA! YA! AS SOON AS I TRIM YOUR BEARD!
MOEBIUS STRIP TEASE

TECHNICAL MASTERY GAVE WAY TO VISUAL IDEAS, AS IN SPIDER DOING PUSH-UPS ON A MIRROR.


AND PINOCCHIO RIND. 1955


HIS TIMELESS ART CAN ONLY BE SUMMED UP IN HIS OWN IMMORTAL WORDS-"I DON'T MERELY DRAW WHAT I SEE, BUT WHAT I THOUGHT I SAW!"
?
END

REVIEWS

FIRKIN by Hunt Emerson and Tim Manley; 3.99 pounds; 96 pages; Virgin Books, 328 Kensal Road, London, W10 5XJ, England

"Like most humans you've probably got the gall to think your sexual behavior is absolutely normal. Sheesh! You should see it through the eyes of a cat! And you can do that very thing just by buying this book."

Jeez. . . I don't know where we *find* stuff like this. . .

"The Firkin Version" is a two-page strip that appears regularly in the British skin-mag *Fiesta*. Therein, Firkin the Cat (and his pal Colin Condom) marvel at (a) the stupid things we do before we get laid; (b) the stupid way we lay; and (c) the stupid things we do after we get laid. Now, this isn't going to open up any new vistas for you or anything, but Firkin's observations are rather witty and perceptive, worth a look, and probably (next to "Amputees in Bondage") the best thing in *Fiesta*. Too, it's fairly well drawn for what it is. If you like Gilbert Shelton's work, then you should feel comfortable with Firkin immediately.

Editor Mason warned me that Firkin was pretty nasty when I volunteered to review it. I scoffed. Any of us who ever went for an an evening south of the border with Gary Groth (or saw the pictures) couldn't easily be put off by a book of cartoons (though, thinking back on it, being given a raunch alert by a man who talks frequently about making tea out of girls' underwear probably should have registered a little more strongly).

So I settled down with it one evening, and found that *Firkin* was quick and amusing reading. Admittedly, part of the fun of this very British comic came from finding a bunch of new and. . .descriptive terms the likes of which I'd never heard ("a bit of a gobble," "ladies' knickers," etc.). Nevertheless, even I blanched more than once. You can take the boy out of the Midwest, but you can't take the Midwest out of the boy, and all that.

So Don't Be Fooled: *Firkin* is interesting, and, in places, funny as hell. It's also raunchy beyond belief and if, buried deep in your soul and covered over by layers of adult rationale, there's even the slightest trace of any deep-rooted fundamentalist morality left over from your childhood—well, you'll have heard from it by the time you get to page 104 or thereabouts.

© 1986 Tim Manley & Hunt Emerson

That advisory, too, is predicated on your finding it in the first place. If you live outside the New York or Los Angeles areas, I wouldn't count on your local neighborhood comics shop carrying it. They know that your local neighborhood Knights of Jesus Christ will probably come and burn it to your local neighborhood ground. Welcome to America, Firkin. . . —*Mark Waid*

I'M PRETTY SURE I'VE GOT MY DEATH-RAY HERE SOMEWHERE; EYEBEAM, THEREFORE I AM; EENIE, MEENIE, MINIE, TWEED; OUR EYEBEAMS TWISTED; all by Sam Hurt; available for $5.45 apiece from from AAR/Tantalus, P.O. Box 893, Austin, TX 78767

Well, there's this law student who has frequent hallucinations (always the same one—its name is Hank) and builds time machines and cosmic ray condensers as a hobby, and he has a pretty girlfriend named Sally and a fat slob roommate named Ratliff. Rod and Beth, the Hunk and the Cheerleader, hang around. They all live in Texas. That's about all there is to it.

Except, of course, that when such material is in the hands of a cartoonist like Sam Hurt, that's never all there is to it. Sam Hurt is a regional humorist like William Faulkner was a regional novelist. He writes and draws with a drawl Reading Eyebeam, you become a law student in Texas. Many of the strips are laugh-out-loud funny, some are genuinely poignant, and virtually every single one of them will make you smile. Above all, as with the best comic strips, all the characters are recognizably human, and even the most foolish and obnoxious of them remain endearing.

The four books that constitute the series span the years 1978-85. As far as keen observation of the social scene goes, *Eyebeam* is a match for *Doonesbury* or *Bloom County*, though the focus is more personal and collegiate (and then corporate) than political. And when it comes to comic imagination that cuts loose and soars where it will, this stuff leaves everything else behind. That *Garfield* books should be outselling the Bible and *Gone With the Wind* while *Eyebeam* is known primarily to readers of alternative weekly papers in a few cities in Texas is another sign of the approaching heat-death of the universe, but this hefty four-volume sampling is available to anyone with a little determination, money, and, if necessary, a stamp. You would be wise to buy them all. When you start reading, it is very hard to stop. —*Andrew Christie*

WE ALL HAVE EXPERIENCES WHICH ARE NOT "REAL"...
OF COURSE, MOST OF US ONLY HAVE THESE EXPERIENCES WHEN WE DREAM, OR TRY SMOKELESS TOBACCO FOR THE FIRST TIME...
-BUT A RARE FEW ARE LIKELY TO SLIDE OFF INTO THEIR OWN SUBCONSCIOUS AT THE DROP OF A HAT...
OH, NO! NOT NOW. NOT HERE!
MY OFFICE, HANK. I WANT IT BACK NOW!
NO. TOO STUFFY. YOU CAN'T BE PRODUCTIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THAT.
Sam Hurt

© 1986 Sam Hurt

SLUMP; by Will Self; 2.99 pounds; 96 pages; Virgin Books, 328 Kensal Road, London W10 5XJ, England

"At first I thought all I needed was a bit of a lie-in. But after receiving a notice from the dole office saying I wasn't required to attend until 1990 I realized that staying in bed for ever was the only response I could make to a world crazed with its own sense of power. I am not a prophet or a seer, I am just a man who couldn't take it any more and decided to lie down."

Slump.

96 pages of a man who's decided to stay in bed for the rest of his life.

After having slogged through the damn thing, I'm tempted to lie down for a little while myself.

According to the introduction, *Slump* previously appeared in England's *New Statesman*, which is a frightening thought—while reading this collection of strips all in one sitting was grueling, I'd think that encountering it piecemeal once a week would be downright unbearable. There's just not that much to it. High concept, low execution. A one-note joke. Funnier than *Nancy*, but what is that saying?

All right, I smiled when he got an eviction notice from the bedbugs, but that was about it. Will Self is probably a witty fellow—there are some slightly funny strips (strangely enough, the few that aren't predicated on a man being in bed), such as when our bedridden hero wakes up hung over, with a tongue so furry he wraps it around his neck for warmth—or his disappointment when he learns that his genital cyst is just that, and not a "new secondary sexual characteristic."

If anything good can be said about *Slump*, it's that the jokes aren't repetitious. That doesn't mean they're good—they're just not repetitious. Not recommended.

—*Mark Waid*

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBERTA by Munro Ferguson; $5.95; Press Porcepic Ltd., 235-560 Johnson St., Victoria, BC V8W 3C6, Canada

This is the comic-strip tale of a girl who builds an atomic particle accelerator in her basement, which malfunctions and creates a black hole that she falls through in the company of her nerdy cousin Ralph. She has several earnestly fey and uninteresting adventures in an alternate universe, while her eccentric scientist uncle Bork works to bring them back.

Books like this are hard to figure. It looks like it is intended as a children's book, and the artwork—simplistic crudity masquerading as New Wave—should be unacceptable to any adult reader, but there are frequent lumps of abstract/philosophical verbal humor that would sail over the heads of most high-school students.

The writing is as stiff as the drawing, equally unshaded and without detail. The love for big ideas and sparseness of their execution, the flatness of the characters, concepts like "Planet of the He-Man," and the frequent incidence of blank pages, full-page chapter-ending illustrations, and full-page chapter headings, in a book that totals 46 pages, make this effort look suspiciously like what a 12-year-old boy would come up with over an intense weekend. Your mother probably has your version of this stored in a shoebox somewhere—which is preferable to her having put it between slick covers and selling it for $5.95.

—*Andrew Christie*

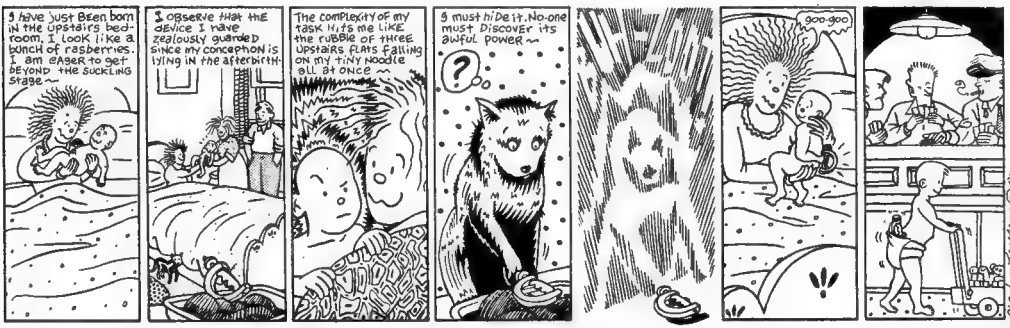
THIS IS THE COMPLETE LIFE-TALE OF RODNEY RAMSBOTTOM GATHERED TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME, ALL ABOUT HOW HE DESTROYED THE WHOLE WORLD IN 1985. HIS STORY FIRST RAN IN THIRTY NINE WEEKLY PARTS IN THE BRITISH ROCK PAPER SOUNDS BETWEEN 5 JAN '85 AND 28 SEPT '85 AND WAS CREDITED TO THE CARTOONIST CHARLIE TRUMPER BUT WAS IN FACT THE WORK OF EDDIE CAMPBELL (WRITING) AND PHIL ELLIOTT (DRAWING) THE FIRST HALF APPEARS THIS ISSUE AND THE SECOND NEXT ISSUE, TAKING US UP TO THE AWFUL MOMENT WHEN WE ALL DIED. WE ARE HERE TODAY TO READ IT DUE TO THE REMARKABLE POWER OF THE HUMAN IMAGINATION———

Eddie Campbell

Phil Elliott

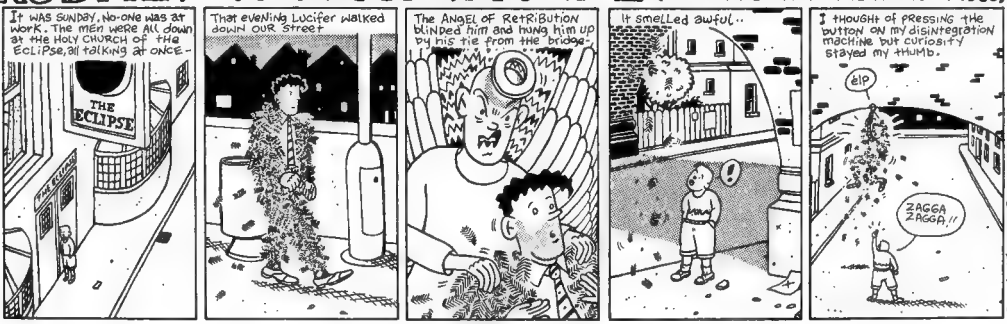
RODNEY: The Premonition II (THE ASTOUNDING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE MAN WHO BLEW UP THE WORLD IN 1985)

I WAS CONCEIVED ON THE NIGHT OF MY AUNT SUSAN WINNING THE GREEASY-BAGS-FOR-A-LAUGH SHOW ON T.V. ~
MRS. THUPP PADDLES IN DOG-POOP FOR TONIGHT'S STAR PRIZE!!
MY ORIGINS HAVE BEEN MUCH DEBATED BUT I CAN REVEAL THAT MY MOTHER WAS RAPED BY A THREE-HEADED EARTHWORM FROM THE PLANET ZAGGA-ZAGGA, INTENT ON SABOTAGING THE PRECARIOUS PEACE OF OUR WORLD
My MOTHER'S SHAME WAS PROFOUND~
IT WAS QUITE EARLY IN MY PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT THAT I NOTICED THE CURIOUS DEVICE SHARING MY MOTHER'S WOMB WITH ME.....
Charlie Trumper © 84

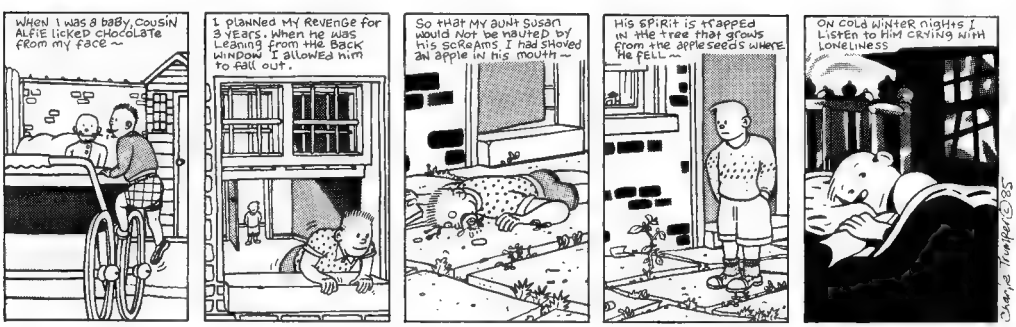

I HAVE JUST BEEN BORN IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM. I LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF RASBERRIES. I AM EAGER TO GET BEYOND THE SUCKLING STAGE~
I OBSERVE THAT THE DEVICE I HAVE ZEALOUSLY GUARDED SINCE MY CONCEPTION IS LYING IN THE AFTERBIRTH~
THE COMPLEXITY OF MY TASK HITS ME LIKE THE RUBBLE OF THREE UPSTAIRS FLATS FALLING ON MY TINY NOODLE ALL AT ONCE ~
I MUST HIDE IT. NO-ONE MUST DISCOVER ITS AWFUL POWER ~
?
GOO-GOO
Charlie Trumper © 84

PUBLIC BAR
MY STEPFATHER LOVES ME ~
DAD, WOULD YOU RATHER I DIED OR YOU EAT A BUCKET OF WORMS
DON'T BE SILLY, CHILD
IF I WAS ON MY DEATHBED AND YOU COULD SAVE ME BY EATING THE BUCKET OF WORMS—WOULD YOU DO IT ?
YEAH, SURE.
WOW
DAD, GIVE ME FIFTY POUNDS OR I'LL FRAZZLE YOUR HAT ~
HAHA- YOU'RE A LAUGH, KID! HERE'S FIVE PEE.
ZAGGAZAGGA!
BUH-ZOOT
Charlie Trumper © 84

RODNEY: The Premonition II (THE ASTOUNDING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE MAN WHO BLEW UP THE WORLD IN 1985)


It was Sunday. No-one was at work. The men were all down at the Holy Church of the Eclipse, all talking at once -
THE ECLIPSE
That evening Lucifer walked down our street
The Angel of Retribution blinded him and hung him up by his tie from the bridge.
It smelled awful..
I thought of pressing the button on my disintegration machine but curiosity stayed my thumb.
Elp
ZAGGA ZAGGA!!
Charlie Trumper © 84

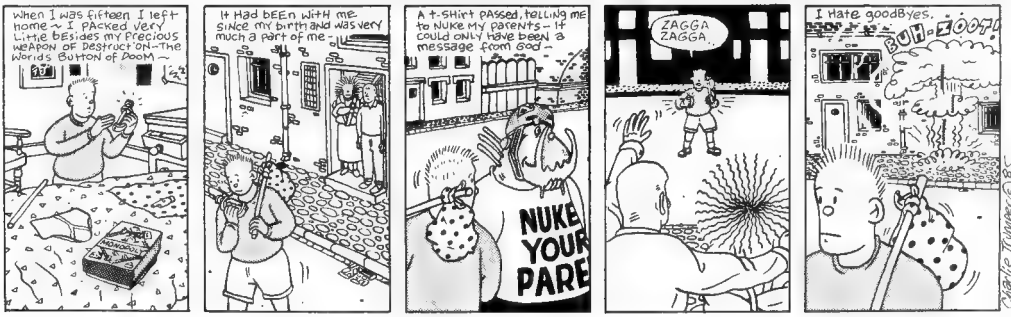
Mrs. Maenad would come over for morning coffee and one day she brought mum a potted plant ~
Queer mushrooms grew in the soil around the plant
Mum and Mrs Maenad would tear the heads off the pagan fungus and eat them
In their intoxicated frenzies they'd go down the street tearing the heads off children.
When the scientists took my mother away for experimentation my step-father cried. I despised him for his weakness..
Charlie Trumper © 85


When I was a baby, cousin Alfie licked chocolate from my face ~
I planned my revenge for 3 years. When he was leaning from the back window I allowed him to fall out.
So that my aunt Susan would not be haunted by his screams I had shoved an apple in his mouth ~
His spirit is trapped in the tree that grows from the appleseeds where he fell ~
On cold winter nights I listen to him crying with loneliness
Charlie Trumper © 85

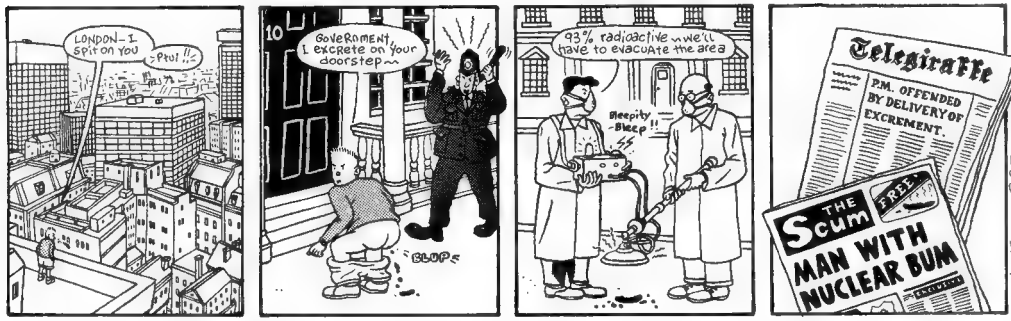
When I was young I was very shy
The other boys taunted me
I vowed that one day I would kill them all
I'll blow the bastards up!
In the meantime, I contented myself with putting ground glass on the soap ~
Charlie Trumper © 85

RODNEY: The Premonition II

(THE ASTOUNDING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE MAN WHO BLEW UP THE WORLD IN 1985)


When I was fifteen I left home - I packed very little besides my precious weapon of destruction - the Worlds Button of Doom -
It had been with me since my birth and was very much a part of me -
A t-shirt passed, telling me to Nuke my parents - it could only have been a message from God -
NUKE YOUR PARE
ZAGGA ZAGGA
I hate goodbyes.
BUH-BOOM!
Charlie Trumper ©85

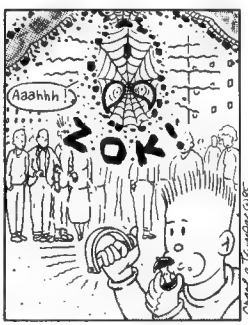
I arrived in London with nowhere to go and no-one to love me, having just bumped off my parents -
The city was a big cold place - it held no warmth for the weary traveller
No-one wanted to pass a minute or two with me
Wanna play Monopoly? - Gowann, I'll let you win
..Except one unscrupulous woman who drew me into a game of sexual corruption. I humoured her for a while
It's a lonely world -
SIZZLE!!
Charlie Trumper ©85

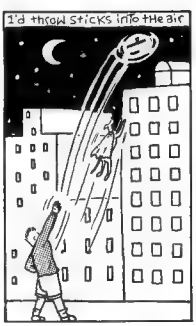


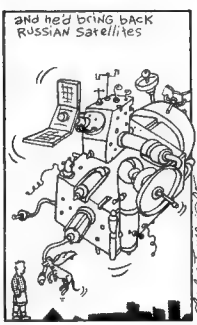
I get my first job shortly after arriving in London. I hate my employer.
I can't think of any poetically cute ways of destroying him like you get in the fantasy comics -
..(Such as death by choreography)
(death by just desserts)
(or death by harsh consumerism)
Coke
So in the End I just blow him away -
WALES
Charlie Trumper ©85

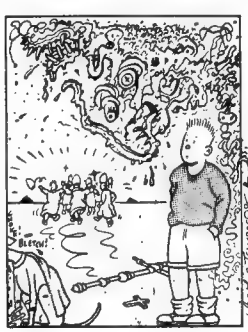
RODNEY: The Premonition II

(THE ASTOUNDING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE MAN WHO BLEW UP THE WORLD IN 1985)









RODNEY: The Premonition II

(THE ASTOUNDING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE MAN WHO BLEW UP THE WORLD IN 1985)

I had just met my INNER self for the first time~
Have a toffee
When the ghostblasters popped up and blasted it away
ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!!
I got them back~
But I didn't get my spirit back~
I'm a man with no soul~
Charlie Trumper ©85
The next do-gooder I had to deal with was Van Helsing the famous vampire hunter~
He had this daft notion I was a vampire and of course he knew all the obscure ways of dealing with vampires~
He tried to shoot me with a silver bullet, but Supermutt leapt to my aid~~
BLAM!
SKUNK!
He tried to drive a wooden stake through my heart but he got a splinter~
THE rest WAS easy—while he was messing about with the garlic I shot him IN the arse——
Charlie Trumper ©85
I have destroyed Law and order~~ Ah, sweet ANARCHY~
Today I stole a television
On the way back to my flat someone stole it from ME—
BOP!
But I accept that it's ALL part of ANARCHY~
What I can't accept is the crap the TV company is broadcasting
Charlie Trumper ©85
And with us tonight isss ROD-NEE!. THE young man who came out of the provinces one morning to become famous overnight~
Rodney, How did you do it?
First I destroyed the Government then I destroyed Law and order...
then..
What will Rodney destroy Next?!! You can find out after the commercial br—
BUZZ!!!
Fruitee-foam fills you faster
TO BE CONTINUED...

What if you woke up one day and it was 1947?

And it stayed 1947 all day

(you ate 1947 food, breathed 1947 air

wore 1947 clothes, talked to 1947 people)

And you went to bed and woke up the next morning

and it was still 1947!

And every day was 1947 for a whole year

and there was nothing you could do about it.

It used to be like that for some people.

copyright © 1986 Marc Hempel

WHO'S WHO

BOB BOZE BELL
is the creator of *Honky Tonk Sue*. His work appears weekly in Phoenix, Arizona's alternative newspaper, *New Times*; two collections of his work, *Low Blows* and *Even Lower Blows* have been published in the last year. They can be had for $9.95 a copy from Low Blows, P.O. Box 2510, Phoenix, AZ 85002

CHESTER BROWN
is the creator of *Yummy Fur*, a digest-sized magazine that features his creations, Ed The Happy Clown and The Man Who Couldn't Stop. A sample copy is available for $2.50 from 22 Albany Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 3C3.

EDDIE CAMPBELL
is the creator of *Alec*, two volumes of which have been published by Escape Publishing. His work appears regularly in *Fast Fiction* and *Escape*.

ANDREW CHRISTIE
works for the Gemological Institute of American where he examines precious stones with an unwavering critical eye. He recently interviewed Margi Clarke, making him the envy of his friends.

DANIEL CLOWES
contributes frequently to *Cracked* magazine. He's also the creator of *Lloyd Llewellyn*, the too-cool detective, whose bi-monthly exploits are published by some outfit called Fantagraphics Books. He has a tendency to move every month.

GLENN DAKIN
has just had his first collection of "Temptation" strips published by *Escape*. Upcoming in *HONK!* is his Captain Oblivion strip "Blinkers" and his "Dr. Blood—Vampyre Hunter" collaboration with Ed Pinsent.

PHIL ELLIOTT
is (with Dave Thorpe and Lawrence Gray) the creator of *Doc Chaos*, the third volume of which was just published by Escape Publishing. His work appears regularly in *Casual Casual, Fast Fiction*, and *Escape Magazine*; he has a four-issue mini-series, *Second City*, coming from Harrier Comics later this year; and he will be contributing to Fantagraphics Books' *Prime Cuts* anthology. In 1987 he may take a nap.

MARC HEMPEL
is partners with Mark Wheatley (with whom he created *Mars* for First Comics and *Blood of the Innocent* for WaRP Graphics) in Insight Studios. The "Cartoon Man" episode that appears in this issue originally ran in *Eclipse Magazine* #1 back in 1977. He's promised new episodes but only if we continue to spell his first name correctly.

DAVID MILLER
draws for alternative publications while living a fairly normal life on the side. He's lived in California all his 32 years, the last four in Berkeley. He hasn't found a reason to stop drawing yet.

BRIAN JAMES RIEDEL
February 26, 1954, Wichita, Kansas. . .Curious George. . .dinosaurs. . .bats. . .bats. . .Mighty Mouse. . .Popeye. . .Three Stooges. . .Superman on TV. . .Wally Wood. . .*MAD* magazine. . .Harvey Spirit reprints. . .Eisner. . . *Sgt. Fury* #46. . .John Severin . . .Beatles. . .Steranko. . . Adams. . .undergrounds. . . Kaluta. . .Egon Schiele. . .Ring Lardner. . .Cordwainer Smith. . .Mission of Burma. . .Robert Benchley. . .Ambrose Bierce. . . astrology. . .*The Comics Journal* . . .Husker Du. . .Hollywood. . . minicomics. . .

MARK WAID
lives in Wichita Falls, Texas where he surprises everyone by finding enough to do to fill his day. He also tells vicious lies about the *HONK!* editor.

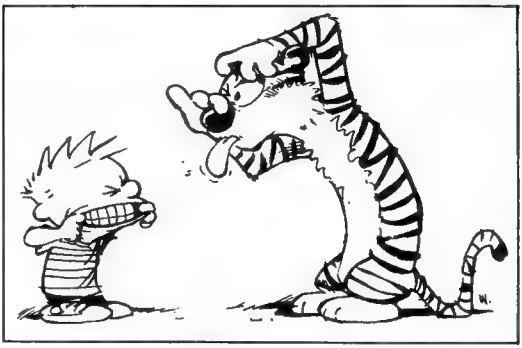
GARY WHITNEY
lives in Chicago where he created *Phoebe And the Pigeon people* with Jay Lynch. In the early '80s, he self-published *Windy City Comics* and worked for *Cascade Comix Monthly* doing "Flying Fungus Funnies."

J.R. WILLIAMS
(that's "Jim," friends) is a native Oregonian who does not own a television set. He plays the ukulele, still likes to read Dr. Seuss, and thinks the Ramones are "cool." In spite of the acceptance of certain adult responsibilities, he refuses to grow up. He's old enough to know better.

RECOMMENDED READING

Escape: Britain's magazine of international story strips. Eddie Campbell, Phil Elliott, Glenn Dakin, Ed Pinsent, John Bagnall are all regulars. $4.00 to Escape, 508 East 79th Street, New York, NY 10021. Highly recommended!

JESUS!
IF YOU LOVE HONK!



© 1986 Universal Press Syndicate

. . . YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO SUBSCRIBE RIGHT NOW!

Especially when we tell you that the second laugh-ridden issue of HONK! will feature: ★ Interviews with DREW (PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD) FRIEDMAN and BILL (CALVIN AND HOBBES) WATTERSON! ★ Plus comics by J.D. KING, DAVID MILLER, J.R. WILLIAMS, BOB BOZE BELL, BRIAN JAMES RIEDEL, and GLENN DAKIN! ★ As well as the conclusion of "Rodney" by PHIL ELLIOTT and EDDIE CAMPBELL! ★ And, as an extra added bonus, ALAN MOORE's autobiographical "Brasso With Rosie," illustrated by the one and only PETER BAGGE!

© 1986 Drew Friedman

☐ **OKAY! Send me the very next issue, *HONK!* #2, as it rolls off the presses! I've enclosed $3.50 (outside U.S.: $4.00, in crisp green American dollars).**

☐ **YES!! Send me the next *six* issues, beginning with *HONK!* #2, as they are published! I've enclosed $13.00 (outside U.S.: $14.50, in nice American bucks)!**

☐ **YAHOO!! Send me everything you publish for the next bunch of years! Enclosed is *one million dollars* in traveler's checks!**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SEND TO: HONK!, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301

NOTE: Please wait four to six weeks for delivery of first issue and don't bite the mailman in the interim.

HONK #2 GOES ON SALE IN SEPTEMBER

MY MOTHER'S AN ALCOHOLIC.

AND WE'RE ALWAYS FIGHTING. IT GETS ME SO UPSET, I END UP FIGHTING WITH MY HUSBAND.

I DON'T THINK I CAN HANDLE IT ANYMORE. THE DRUNKEN OUTBURSTS, THE PASSING OUT ON THE COUCH, THE FORGETFULNESS,

IT'S TEARING ME UP INSIDE.

SHE'S GOING TO DRIVE ME TO DRINK.

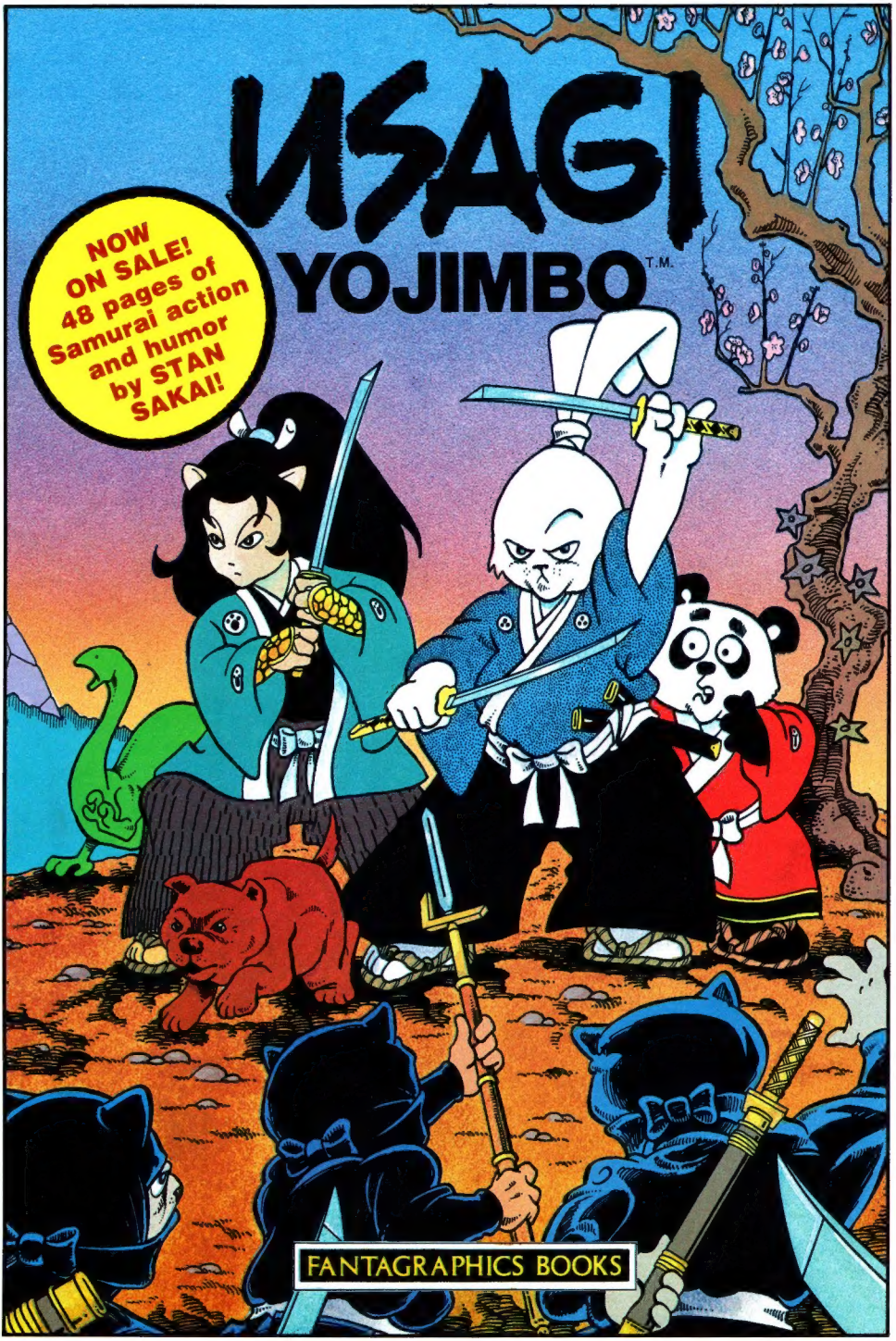
BRIAN JAMES RIEDEL 83

Guess who's out...?

Join Ralph Snart in his fantasy other world every month this Summer!
High Quality, B&W Comics with full color covers for only $1. from...

NOW™
COMICS

RALPH SNART ADVENTURES is TM & © 1986 Marc Hansen


USAGI
YOJIMBO™
NOW ON SALE! 48 pages of Samurai action and humor by STAN SAKAI!
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

A Pyra
Qua

nid scan
lity • CBZ